VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2938
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THE SPHERE
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JULY 21, 1956

# The SPHERE

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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES


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# A foothold of films

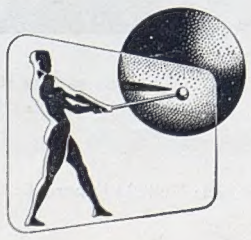
THE NEW Rank Organisation film, "Reach for the Sky", is the story of a man's life. The story of Douglas Bader, who fought back against seemingly hopeless odds and won. In a wider sense, it is the story of a nation. "Reach for the Sky" portrays, with accuracy and delicate judgement, the British reaction to fear, British sense of humour, British phlegm. It *had* to be made by a truly British film company.

We, of the Rank Organisation, are particularly happy that this great British film will be exported to nearly a hundred overseas countries. Happy because "Reach for the Sky" will remind the world of the characteristic qualities of the British nation. Happy because foreign currency earned by this film will help in the common endeavour to achieve a balance of payments.

Lastly, we are pleased because this film — one of 20 first feature films being produced at Pinewood this year at a cost of £3½ million — will help in our fight for a fair share of the world screen time. Already we have secured a firm foothold in the markets previously completely dominated by our American friends. Even so, over 70% of all films seen in the world are still made in Hollywood.

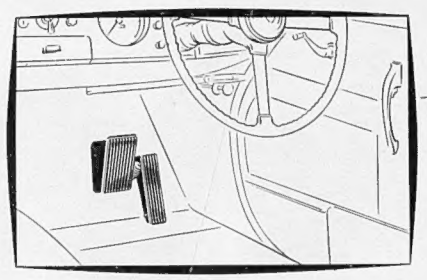
The policy of the Rank Organisation is to go overseas and fight for the screening, not only of Rank films, but of all British films. In Canada, we have built up since the war a ten million dollar circuit of 125 cinemas. In Europe and the Commonwealth we have a financial interest in 500 cinemas. Currently we are prising open the door to the rich South American market.

This then is our foothold. But the programme of British films we plan to show to the world can only be carried out if conditions at home are more favourable to the British film industry than they are today. It takes nearly two years to make a good film. Two costly years of planning, endeavour and continuous investment. This is only possible if Government policy offers the chance of long term financial stability. It is our hope that this will soon be so.



THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

KENNETH MORE STARRING IN
"REACH FOR THE SKY"



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Volume CCXXVI No. 2938

The SPHERE, London, July 21, 1956

# The SPHERE

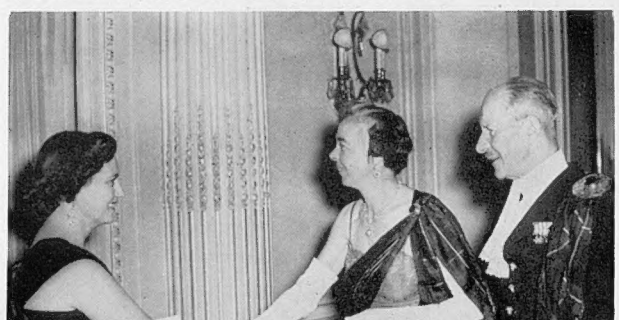
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

**KING FEISAL OF IRAQ IN LONDON—HIS MAJESTY IS WELCOMED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY ON HIS ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA: He is being greeted by Princess Margaret while the Queen and the Queen Mother look on. Behind them are Sir Anthony Eden, Major Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, Lord Reading, Minister of State, Foreign Office, and Sir Michael Wright, British Ambassador in Bagdad. From Victoria, King Feisal drove with the Queen to Buckingham Palace.**

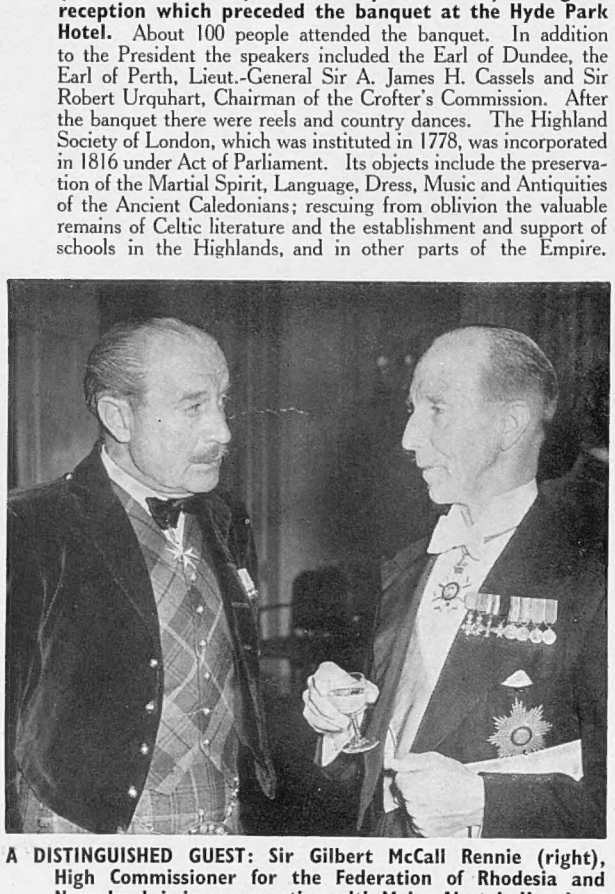
The thousands who cheered King Feisal of Iraq from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace were showing the feelings which the whole of Britain has for His Majesty and his country. In the present troubled state of the Middle East, Iraq is the one country which has remained firm to its alliances with Britain. It is also a Middle Eastern state which is endeavouring to follow a constructive rather than a destructive policy, and is devoting its current vast income from oil to the general welfare of its citizens and not for policies which threaten to disturb world peace. For these reasons His Majesty was everywhere given an especially warm and friendly welcome during his State visit. His engagements included a State banquet at Buckingham Palace, on the evening of the day of his arrival, a luncheon at Guildhall in the City of London, the reception of addresses from the London County Council, and visits to the British Museum, to the Royal Air Force station at Odiham and to Harrow School, of which he is an Old Boy. The State visit ended on Thursday and His Majesty is now staying privately in this country. (Further pictures of the visit are on page 89.)

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

## SCOTS CELEBRATE IN LONDON



**THE 159TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON: Lord Dudley Gordon (President of the Society) and Lady Dudley Gordon are greeting Lady Campbell Orde (wife of one of the joint honorary Secretaries) during the reception which preceded the banquet at the Hyde Park Hotel.** About 100 people attended the banquet. In addition to the President the speakers included the Earl of Dundee, the Earl of Perth, Lieut.-General Sir A. James H. Cassels and Sir Robert Urquhart, Chairman of the Crofter's Commission. After the banquet there were reels and country dances. The Highland Society of London, which was instituted in 1778, was incorporated in 1816 under Act of Parliament. Its objects include the preservation of the Martial Spirit, Language, Dress, Music and Antiquities of the Ancient Caledonians; rescuing from oblivion the valuable remains of Celtic literature and the establishment and support of schools in the Highlands, and in other parts of the Empire.



**A DISTINGUISHED GUEST: Sir Gilbert McCall Rennie (right), High Commissioner for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is in conversation with Major Alastair Urquhart (one of the joint honorary Secretaries of the Society). Prior to his appointment as High Commissioner in 1954 Sir Gilbert was Governor of Northern Rhodesia.**

**LADY CAMPBELL ORDE JOINS THE GUESTS: The wife of the joint honorary Secretary is seen with (from left) Lady Gillian Anderson, Mr. John Anderson and Sir Francis Head.**

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"**

*Orders for subscription to* THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.,* £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.*, £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

# A London Newslette

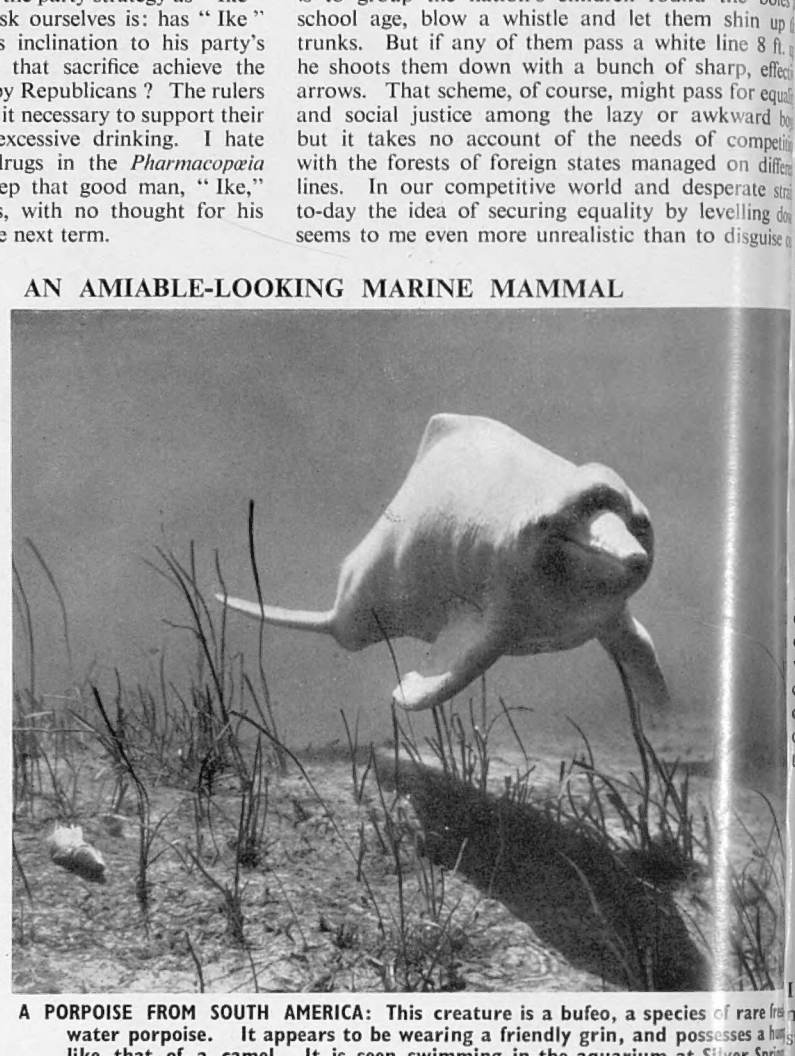
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**To Run Again.**—"Ike," as we know, is a man who never shrinks from personal sacrifices for the causes he embraces. It is announced that he will run again for the Presidential Election and he has made that decision at a moment when he is still in an early stage of convalescence from a second serious illness which soon followed the first. If he had decided to retire, we know, as he and his party know, that the Republicans stood very little chance of re-election in November. We can be sure that his supporters could not conceal their desire that he should take the risk, even if they disguised their wishes under the justification of a doctor's mandate. It is not so much, Should a doctor tell ? as *Can* a doctor tell ? The Presidential office has no rival in civilisation in strain and stress. Could any bunch of experts confidently predict for "Ike" that, bar accident, he will be good for another term ? I cannot believe it. It is indeed the full term that matters. Otherwise, the man he nominates as his Vice-President must be as much a key-pin in the party strategy as "Ike" himself. The question we ask ourselves is: has "Ike" sacrificed his health and his inclination to his party's cause, and if it is so, will that sacrifice achieve the purpose so intensely desired by Republicans ? The rulers in the Kremlin, it seems, find it necessary to support their heavy responsibilities with excessive drinking. I hate to think that all the latest drugs in the *Pharmacopœia* must be called in aid to keep that good man, "Ike," alive to dish the Democrats, with no thought for his future in the years beyond the next term.

**The Lords and Abolition.**—The Lords did their duty in deciding, without fear of the consequences to their own House, to reject the Abolition Bill *in toto* and thus gain a breathing space for cooler judgment. Most of the expert evidence on this controversial question was in their House. In their decision, they carried the approval of the bulk of legal opinion, of the Home Office and the Police, of the colonies and, I fancy, of a majority of the voters. They can but delay the passing of the Bill into an Act for a few more months, if the Commons once more send it up unaltered. But a year is something gained and it may yet be that some of those who voted for it in the Commons may be ready to change their minds when they learn how the country and the Press reacted to the decision of the Upper House. The Lord Chancellor put forward a strong argument when he remarked that crime statistics take no account of planned murders which are just *not* committed, and Lord Webb-Johnson had some lurid experiences to relate of poisoners who can go to work with perhaps rather less risk of detection than in other forms of murder. Lord Salisbury agreed that the death penalty regulations are in urgent need of overhaul and held out hope that ways could yet be found out of the impasse. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Bill, I fancy the Upper House will not be condemned by a majority of the nation for rejecting the Bill without fear or favour and strictly on evidence of fact from the most reliable witnesses, rejecting hearsay, sentimentality and theory. I hope that House will never be reformed out of that duty and responsibility even if it, like the Bill it has just rejected, is in need of reforming to meet changed conditions of life and thought.

**Equality.**—On the analogy of the child's guide to knowledge expressed in the form: "Biography is about chaps; geography is about maps," we might propound: "Socialism is concerned with equality, Toryism with the quality." I am not unsympathetic to the idea of equality. I was born in the bad old days of privilege, not *in* it, but on the fringe of it, and I derived an immense amount of fun and games from the generosity of the privileged few in the last days before their wings were clipped. But, even then and even so, I realised that equality of opportunity was not on the map. I saw that the eldest son of a peer had a far better opportunity than I of becoming a colonial governor, and that a rich brewer's or banker's or industrialist's son was much more likely to earn a good income than I at the age of thirty. And even to-day, after the social revolutions, I accept it that equality of opportunity, even in the limited sense, has not yet arrived. Moreover, in the past year or so, I have sometimes suggested that in such trivial matters as recommendations for hereditary titles our present Premier has shown an adherence to tradition which is unrealistic of the desperate situation we are passing through and disregards the bitter controversies which divide the nation. But Mr. Gaitskell's Chapter I of the new Charter of Socialism does not, of course, descend to such trivialities. It is concerned with nations' wealth, not national social grades. It is not easy to follow because it is chary of explanation wherever explanation might be embarrassing or frightening. And so was Mr. Wilson on the "buzz-box." Like King Good Heart, Mr. Gaitskell is broadly sympathetic towards "all the human race and every wretched fellow." But, unlike King Good Heart, you will find if you read him carefully that he doesn't propose to promote everybody to "the top of every tree." His notion of equality is to group the nation's children round the boles at school age, blow a whistle and let them shin up in trunks. But if any of them pass a white line 8 ft. up he shoots them down with a bunch of sharp, effective arrows. That scheme, of course, might pass for equality and social justice among the lazy or awkward boys, but it takes no account of the needs of competition with the forests of foreign states managed on different lines. In our competitive world and desperate straits to-day the idea of securing equality by levelling down seems to me even more unrealistic than to disguise our decline into the second class of political influence and industrial strength by multiplying hereditary titles and glittering stars and garters.

## AN AMIABLE-LOOKING MARINE MAMMAL



**A PORPOISE FROM SOUTH AMERICA: This creature is a bufeo, a species of rare fresh-water porpoise. It appears to be wearing a friendly grin, and possesses a hump like that of a camel. It is seen swimming in the aquarium at Silver Springs, Florida, soon after being captured in a branch of the Amazon River in Colombia, South America. A male, it is pink in colour and 8 ft. long, weighing 300 lb.**

**The "Season" Ends.**—One by one the great open-air summer fixtures pass into sporting records, and the summer season ends before summer begins. They crowd in on each other—Ascot, Wimbledon, Henley, the Lord's Test Match, the Open Championship—tests of endurance made sharper by the chances of weather; and all the excitement they evoke in anticipation and all the publicity they receive in action seem in retrospect, designed for more important and enduring events. In a twinkling of an eye the summer sporting carnival is a memory. In the days of our youth, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's was the last social function which required the presence of "Lond Society." The move then was to Goodwood and Co and to the country seats for a brief fortnight of cric weeks and garden parties until the scene shifted mid-August to the northern moors. How clearly I re the talk in the pavilion among the top-hatted fathe It was mostly about grouse and salmon prospects the recruiting of cricket elevens; there was technical of choke-barrels, moor drainage, fishing tackle yacht design. "See you, then, at Patshull, old boy, Bolton or Moy." The sense that time was eternal, the sun of privilege stood high and stood still, pervad the pavilion, the gun-makers' shops in St. James's Clubland. The beautifully turned-out patrons had three months enjoyed the best of everything in Londo and for several months ahead would enjoy the best Scotland, in the Solent and in the stately homes by

and covert. And as it was, so it would be, generation after generation. But unforeseen events caused the sun to move swiftly and only one more generation had a taste of that magic food of privilege. The *names* may be the same, but the pavilion talk differs greatly: " Do you know of a gun wanted in a rough-shoot syndicate, old boy ? " or " We 've hopes of an Austrian cook who might come temporarily. My wife 's all in! "

## A Glorious Thing.—

O 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular royal queen.

And indeed, there are manifest advantages to-day for a beautiful woman, with every grace endued, to play that unique part, rarely. And there are advantages, too, for a prince who admirably plays his part in that important round of constitutional monarchical duties. The best of everything going is naturally theirs. History, as it unfolds, revolves round them. They are always in the know and first-hand information is theirs to keep their interest alive. Many of their duties are important and many fatiguing and some perhaps boring. For many months of the year they carry out continuous day-long engagements. But they can't be everywhere, and like humbler workers they need holidays and recreations. I have not heard of them yet asking for shorter hours and longer holidays, as some humbler workers often do; but if they lodged such a claim, there would be rough justice in it. And so, they take what opportunities their busy weeks afford, to recreate themselves. But then they are up against it at once from some section of public opinion. Those who are bored by horses object to Royal patronage of racing. Those who like to sleep off Sunday luncheon are horrified by polo or cricket matches on Sunday afternoons, and lawn tennis fans are outraged by a sovereign's failure regularly to patronise that game. The trouble about being a regular Royal queen or prince is that you must be 50,000,000 people's queen or prince, and no two people think quite alike or set up precisely the same ideal of what a queen or prince must be—to please a loyal subject. That a queen or prince should please herself or himself in matters of recreation or conscience is not relevant. That is a subject's right.

**Stiffening Car Penalties.**—Lord Chancellors, as their duty requires, often send down directives to the lay magistrates and usually with great courtesy, since they are well aware that justice demands that every case in court must be decided on its merits and strictly on the evidence, and that " routine scales " of penalties would be a mockery of justice. Lately the Lord Chancellor appealed to us on the Benches to stiffen again our fines for road offences, and God knows the record of the roads justifies him. The statistics before him in the debate on the Road Traffic Bill are interesting:—

*Exceeding speed limit*: Maximum fine for first offence £20, for second offence £50. Average fine imposed in 90,000 cases: £2 8s.
*Careless driving* : In 30,000 convictions, average fine £3 16s. (£20 to £50 maximum).
*Dangerous driving*: In 4,000 convictions, average fine £10 (£50 to £100 maximum).
*Driving under influence*: In 2,800 convictions, average £16 4s. (£50 to £100 maximum).

It certainly looks as if we are too tolerant. But fines are not the only penalty in all such cases. There is also suspension in many cases as a subsidiary, and it is common experience among justices that suspension is the harder and the more efficient. It is a principle of the Courts that fines must be assessed according to the means of the convicted. £3 may be a heavy penalty to A, £25 may be a flea-bite to B. But suspension is usually equally deterrent to rich and poor. And here comes the snag. Incited by directives from above, many Benches have begun to step up penalties in careless driving, when justified by the degree of carelessness, with short terms of suspension in addition to the fine (and perhaps the fine has been smaller on that account). With this undesirable result:—the convicted person, by his counsel, even where he has pleaded guilty, decides to appeal to Quarter Sessions in order that the immediate inconvenience of the suspension may be avoided. Pending hearing of the appeal, the Bench is compelled to " suspend the suspension." This device of appealing is risky. Quarter Sessions *may* step up the fine and penalties. But, whether or no, the expedient throws still more work on Quarter Sessions appeal committees at a time of congestion and it must take time before the lesson is learned that unjustified appeals do not pay.

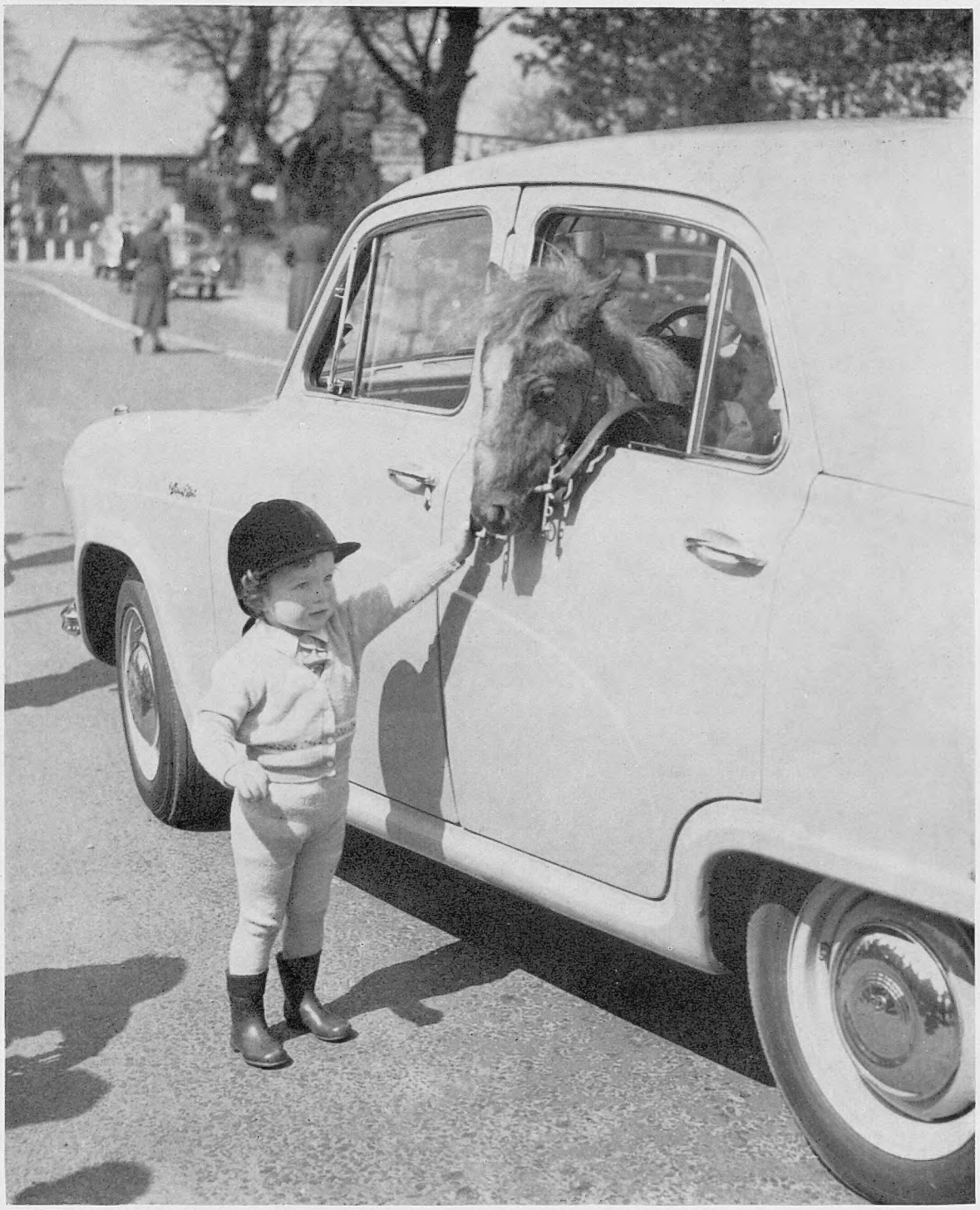
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

# THE RED KITE

A Remarkable Series of Photographs, taken in Southern Spain by Eric Hosking, with a Description by Guy Mountfort, the Leader of the Expedition.

## TWO KINDS OF HORSE-POWER



**THE THREE LOVES OF THE ENGLISHMAN ? This picture, chosen by the French newspaper *L'Argus* as being " the most charming photograph of the year," shows Miss Nicola Houlbrook and her Shetland pony Chippie. Nicola's father drives his car to meetings of the Cheshire Pony Club, with the family in the front seats and the pony in the back. *L'Argus* claims that the picture represents the three loves of the Englishman : children, horses, and cars.**

## THE " EMPRESS OF BRITAIN " BREAKS A RECORD

**THE NEW LINER OFF MONTREAL: The Canadian Pacific flagship *Empress of Britain* steams down the St. Lawrence when leaving for a voyage which broke the post-war record for an Atlantic crossing between Quebec and Liverpool. She steamed the 2,437 miles in 4 days 20 hrs. 30 mins. The *Empress of Britain*, launched a year ago, displaces 26,000 tons.**

# BLONDE BOMBSHELL

*Miss Marilyn Monroe Arrives in England to Make a Film With Sir Laurence Olivier*

**ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT: Miss Marilyn Monroe and her husband, Mr. Arthur Miller, are escorted under an umbrella across the tarmac after they had flown in from New York last Saturday. The thirty-year-old American film actress is to make a film in Britain with Sir Laurence Olivier.** She has for some years intrigued the public on both sides of the Atlantic by her dazzling blonde beauty on the screen and by her unorthodox remarks off it. Recently she has added to her glamour by marrying Mr. Miller, the American playwright, whose work is usually regarded as "intellectual and left-wing." They were met at the airport by Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, and some 150 Press photographers and reporters, and their entry into London, even at a centre well used to the reception of celebrities of all kinds, was considered to be unique in the manner in which the actress impressed her personality.

**AT THEIR SURREY RETREAT: With Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Miss Vivien Leigh), the Millers stand at the door of Parkside House, Englefield Green, in Surrey, which is to be their home during their stay in Britain. Miss Monroe has announced that she hopes to cycle round the countryside.**

*On left—*
**CAMERAS GO INTO ACTION: Some of the many photographers who gathered at London Airport jostle each other as they use their cameras when Miss Monroe and Mr. Miller arrive from their plane.**

**FACING THE INQUISITION: Miss Monroe sits with Sir Laurence Olivier at a Press reception in London. A number of tricky questions were put to her. All were answered with much-admired skill and humour.**

**FIRST MEETING WITH THE BRITISH PRESS: In the unusual surroundings of the snack bar of London Airport, Miss Monroe stands behind the counter to answer the eager reporters crowded on the other side. Sir Laurence Olivier is clasping his hands and Mr. Miller and Lady Olivier are to the left.**

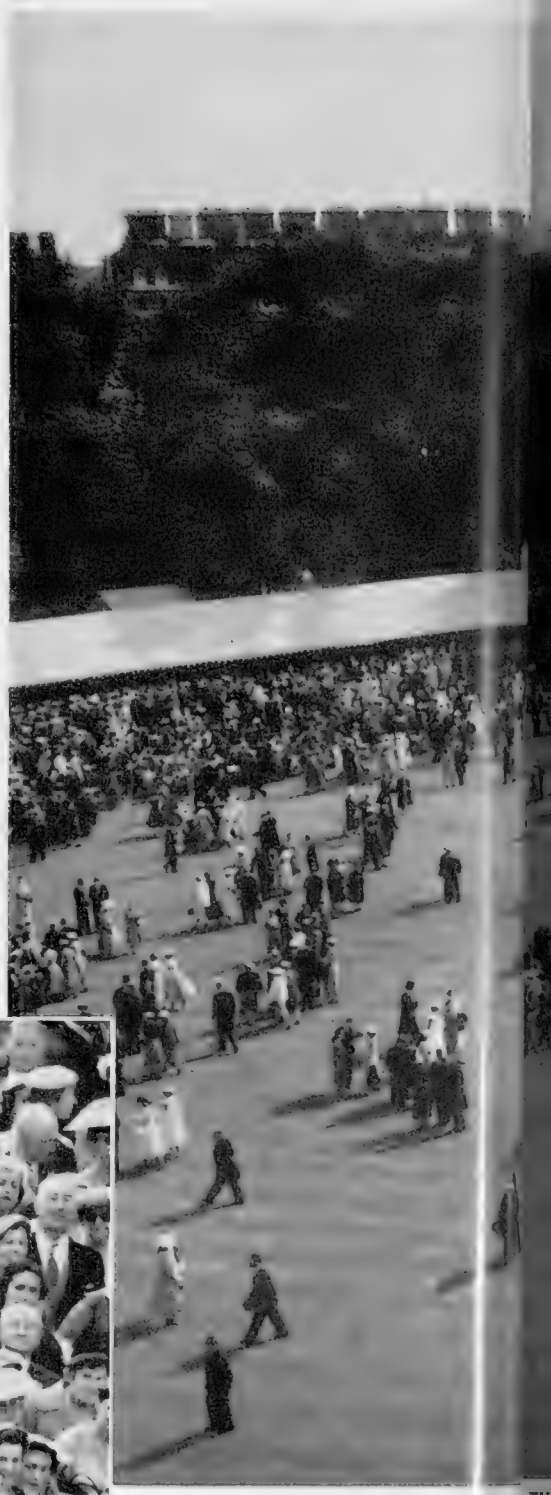
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Queen, King Feisal and the Duke of Edinburgh stand in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace with the Crown Prince Abdul Illah, who accompanied the King of Iraq on his visit to London.

# KING FEISAL'S STATE VISIT

*The Ruler of Iraq is Welcomed at the Beginning of his Four-Day Official Visit to Britain*

AT VICTORIA STATION: The Queen and King Feisal of Iraq are seen after the arrival in London. Behind them are the Duke of Edinburgh and, back to camera, the Crown Prince of Iraq. *On right*—The King and the Duke inspect the guard of honour at the station.

WAITING FOR ADMISSION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A long line of guests waits in the forecourt of the Palace while passes are being checked for admission to the Royal Garden Party. More than 8,500 people had been invited, the largest number for some years. Before the garden party, the Queen held a presentation party for overseas debutantes.



HER MAJESTY WITH HER GUESTS : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are followed by the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra as they move among their guests. The weather was cloudy but sunshine greeted the arrival of the Queen, who wore a frock of peacock-blue taffeta and a small feather cap of paler blue, veiled in tulle.

# ROYAL GARDEN PARTY

*The Queen Receives 8,500 G*
*at Buckingham Palace*

The first of the two Royal Garden Parties season was held last week. It was a f able occasion for Commonwealth co Before the party began some 300 debutant overseas were presented to the Queen a Duke of Edinburgh in the ballroom of the These debutantes later joined the comp the gardens.

Over 8,500 men and women had been i This was the largest total for a single party for many years. A high proportio guests came from overseas.

The costumes of several of them ad the colour of the scene on the lawns. T the most brilliant dress was the green s a 3-in. fringe of gold worn by seventeen-y Miss Akhtar Husain, the daughter of the M for Pakistan in Moscow. Also notable w straw hats with feathers worn by some representatives from Nigeria.

Mr. Menzies and Mr. Holland, the Ministers of Australia and New Zealand their wives, and Mr. Nehru, with his Mrs. Pandit, were distinguished figures. were especially interested in the 300 mem the Duke of Edinburgh's conference on problems in industry, now meeting in O who were among the Royal guests.

THE FIRST OF THE TWO ROYAL GARDEN PARTIES OF THE SEASON: Among her guests gathered on the lawns of Buckingham Palace is the Queen, with other members of the Royal Family. Those present included many overseas visitors and the members of the Duke of Edinburgh's Oxford conference.

GREETED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: A guest at the Garden Party is presented to Her Royal Highness. In the left foreground, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is in conversation. The Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand, with their wives, and Mr. Nehru were among the company.

A GUEST OF THE QUEEN: A visitor from overseas is greeted by Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Asian and African costumes of many guests gave vivid colour to the Garden Party on the lawns at Buckingham Palace.

# THE TORBAY-LISBON SAILING RACE

*The British Ketch "Moyana" is Declared the Overall Winner after Arriving Fifth in Lisbon Harbour*

**THE WINNING KETCH AT THE START OF THE RACE: The 103-ton *Moyana*, entered by the Southampton School of Navigation, heads out of Torbay at the start of the race. She was declared overall winner after her arrival at the mouth of the Tagus, where her time allowance placed her 57 minutes ahead of the *Christian Radich* from Norway.**

**SECOND TO THE "MOYANA": The Norwegian full-rigged ship *Christian Radich* (806 tons) was beaten into second place by 57 minutes after the times had been declared.**

**THE TURKISH YAWL "RUYAM": The *Ruyam* (102 tons) was third to the *Moyana* after leading for a considerable time. She was entered by the Turkish Commercial Navy School.**

The International Sailing Race from Torbay to the mouth of the Tagus was won by the British ketch *Moyana*, 103 tons, entered by the School of Navigation at Southampton. With a time allowance of more than 25 hours she beat the Norwegian full-rigged ship *Christian Radich* (806 tons) by 57 minutes after the overall placings were declared by the timekeepers. The *Moyana* was sailed during the race by fifteen merchant navy cadets with four officers and four crew, a large proportion of the cadets never having been to sea before. Second in the over-100-ton class was the *Christian Radich*, which had a time allowance of 30 hours, and third, *Ruyam*, a yawl of 102 gross tons, entered by the Turkish Commercial Navy School, which crossed the line first in her class but went down two places in the overall placings.

In the under-100-ton class after the handicaps had been worked out, the first place went to the Italian yawl *Artica II*, which at 16 tons was the smallest vessel in the race. In second place was the Argentine cutter *Juana*, which crossed the finishing line at the mouth of the Tagus first of all ships, but fell back on handicap. The Royal Navy yawl *Marubu* (26 tons), from H.M.S. *Hornet*, was third.

Throughout the race the weather favoured the smaller craft with fore-and-aft rigs which could draw speed from the slightest breeze.

**THE ITALIAN ENTRY BOUND FOR LISBON: The 16-ton Italian yawl *Artica II* leaves Torbay. She won first place in the under-100-ton class. Manned by eight men, she was the smallest vessel**

**THE "JUANA" FROM THE ARGENTINE: The 25-ton Argentine cutter *Juana* was the first vessel to arrive at Lisbon but was second in her class to *Artica II* after the handicaps had been worked out.**

**AN IDEA FOR A GAS TURBINE-POWERED CAR: The artist has drawn his impression of a six-seater gas turbine saloon that might capture world markets for Britain.**

# CARS TO CONQUER WORLD MARKETS

*A Gas Turbine Car; an Advanced Piston-Engined Car; and a New "Baby" Car, as Conceived by our Motoring Correspondent and Drawn by Cavendish Morton*

THE British motor industry has been having a bad time. Sales have fallen off in both the home and export markets. We have had reluctantly to surrender to Germany the distinction of being the world's biggest exporter of cars.

Over-production, contributed to by automation, has led to short-time working in a number of factories. Criticisms have been made of the industry's policy. Some have been mischievous. Much has been constructive. The big car firms seem unable to distinguish between the two kinds.

They have accused critics of trying to damn the industry. They have revealed a sensitiveness to criticism which might suggest a lack of confidence. It could almost denote a sense of guilt at mistakes made and opportunities missed. The industry must get used to criticism; it can be very valuable. It must realise that criticism does not carry with it any lack of appreciation of the British car firms' achievements since the war.

These have been magnificent. The industry saw a car-starved world immediately after the war and set out to satisfy this hunger. It went into large-scale production with cars which owed much to pre-war design. Scores of war-ravaged countries were crying out for cars. They wanted transportation at all costs. They were not concerned overmuch with niceties of design.

So the British automobile firms went on building the cars for which they were largely tooled up and which they could put into early production. They decided it would be a waste of time—and of foreign business—to introduce more advanced styling and unconventional mechanical features like independent springing, engines at the rear and automatic transmission.

The whole accent was on export. The Government saw to that. There were threats that supplies of steel would be withheld unless a high percentage of production went abroad.

The industry did wonderful business. It continued to expand until recently. In 1955 we sold abroad 373,203 cars worth £122,000,000. If you add commercial vehicles, spare parts, tyres, batteries and all other motor products, the total value of the industry's exports last year was £387,000,000—an increase of £47,000,000 on the previous year. It was 13 per cent. of total British exports in 1955.

A fine achievement. But the industry has been facing rapidly growing competition from the car firms of Germany, France and Italy. Big organisations like Volkswagen, Opel and Mercedes in Germany, Renault, Citroen and Peugeot in France and Fiat in Italy have got into their stride following a period of rehabilitation after the war.

In the last quarter of 1955 Germany ousted Britain from the top place in the world export league. Sales of British cars have declined in many important markets while those of foreign competitors have risen. I think there are a number of reasons for this. The most important is that on the whole the 1955 models of our low-priced cars were not as modern in design and appearance as some of our chief rivals. They were reliable and good performers, but conventional.

Take, for example, the question of rear-engined cars. Three foreign makes of lightweight cars with engines at the back are Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat. They are all best-sellers. Although there may be strong technical objections to the rear engine formula, motorists on the Continent and in many other markets seem to like cars of this type and have been buying them in large numbers.

It took British car firms a long time to adopt independent springing of the front wheels. In this and in other ways the industry has shown a conservatism of outlook which fed on full order books and a high production rate.

Insufficient thought was given to the question of styling and to forward planning in general. Only now are we getting mass-produced British cars which possess what Continental motorists are pleased to call sex appeal. Among them are the new Fords, the Standard Vanguard, the Sunbeam Rapier and the new Hillman Minx range.

Are these models, and those coming along, good enough to stop the rot and improve British sales abroad? Does the industry need a broad overall development plan to ensure that Britain is building the right kind of cars and using the industry's technical and manufacturing resources to the best advantage?

I would be the last person to urge complete rationalisation of the industry. I would hate to see our firms concentrating on one or two models. But, among the multiplicity of designs which come from our many different factories to cater for varying tastes in scores of separate markets, care must be taken to see that there are

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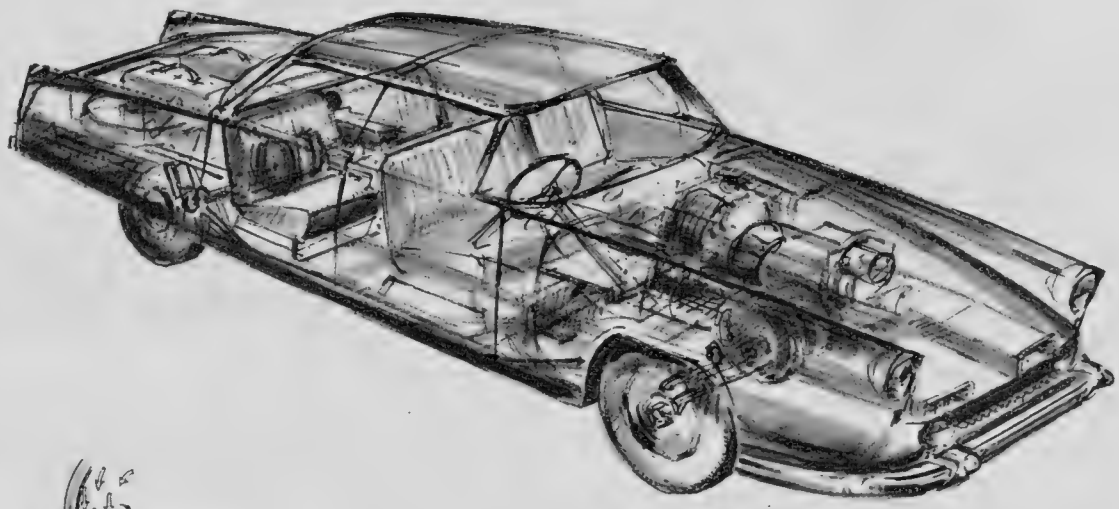
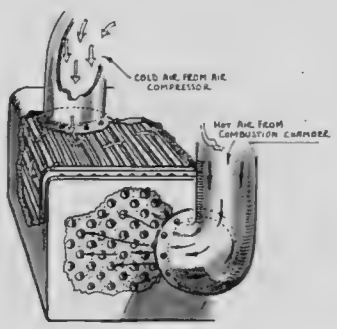
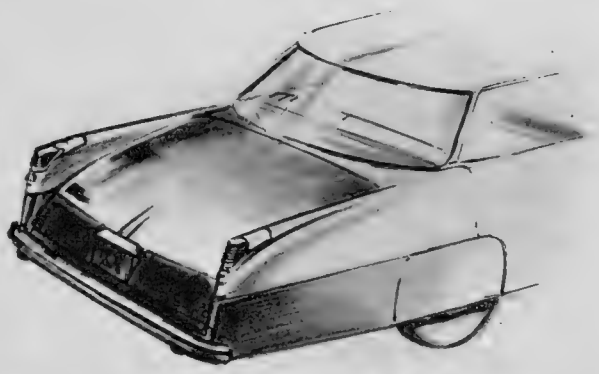




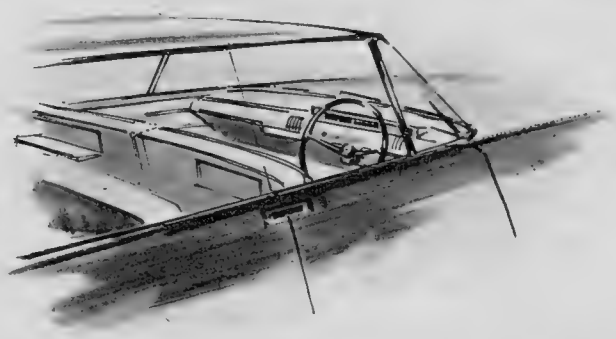

**THE DETAILS REVEALED: This cutaway drawing shows the main features of the proposed turbo car. It has a front-located gas turbine, fed by pre-heated compressed air by either a heat exchanger or an auxiliary free piston engine. The transmission works on the same principle as a torque converter.**

*On left—*

**THE HEAT EXCHANGER: Fitted to the turbine engine of a car, this device prevents excessive fuel consumption and an offensive exhaust. When the hot gases have done their work in propelling the car, they are captured and conducted back to pre-heat the incoming cold air from the compressor.**

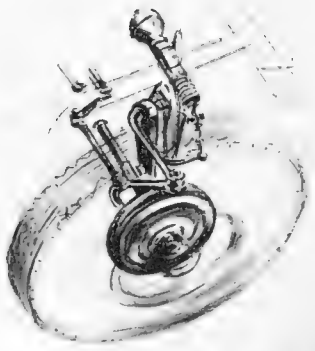


**POINTS OF STYLING: The rear view of the turbo car shows its clean and functional lines. The four-door body is of integral construction, and the "wrap-around" rear window gives excellent visibility.**

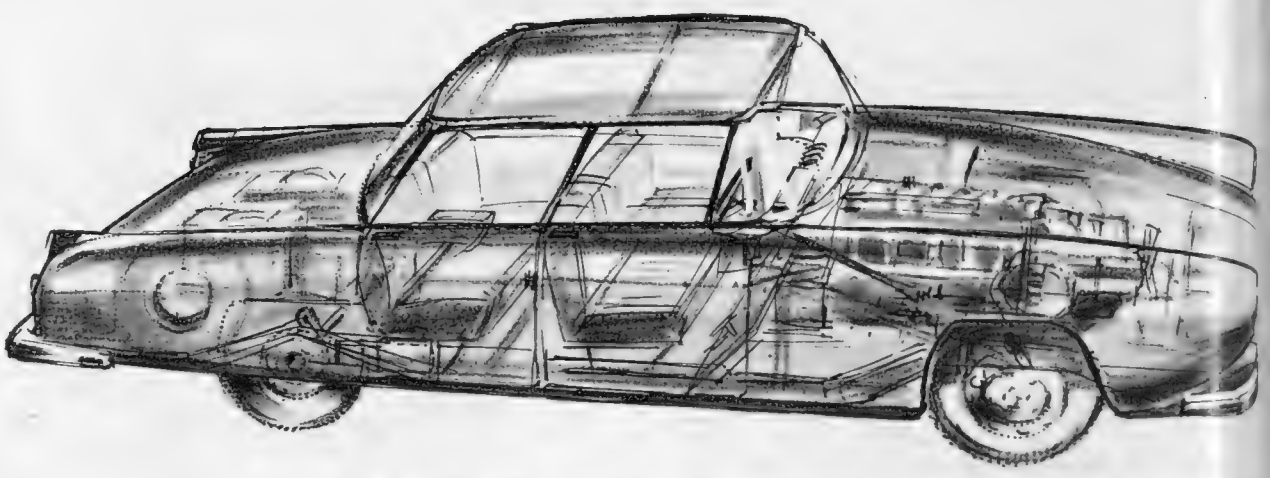


**THE INTERIOR: The facia is without frills, while the "wrap-around" windscreen and pillarless construction help visibility. The car has disc brakes and self-compensating oleo-pneumatic suspension.**

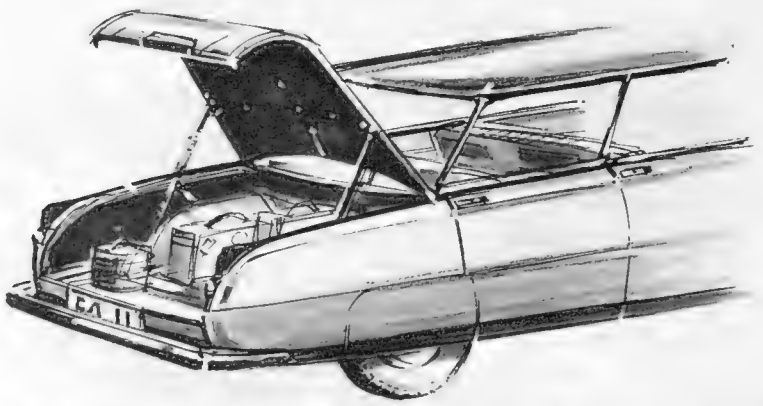
**AN ADVANCED SIX-SEATER: This idea for a piston-engined saloon of 3 litres incorporates direct fuel injection, disc brakes, an automatic gear-box and independent oleo-pneumatic suspension on all wheels.**



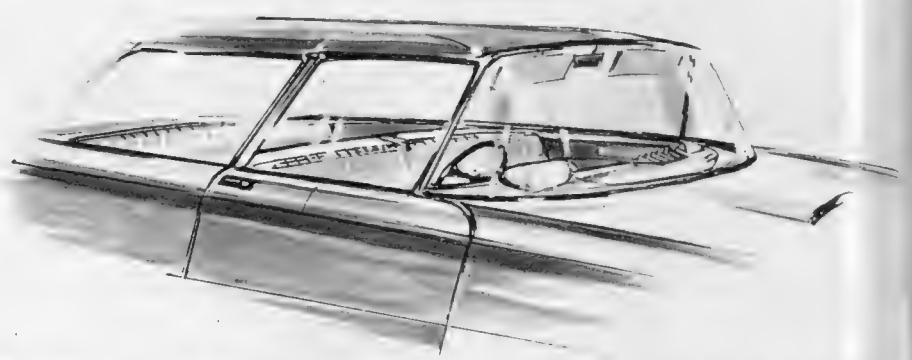
**REVOLUTIONARY SUSPENSION : This form of suspension is incorporated in both the turbocar and the 3-litre saloon, and gives a level ride whatever the loads on the back and front of the car.** The drawing shows how each wheel is mounted independently on articulated arms linked to a hydraulic cylinder, at the end of which is a ball containing gas under pressure (top of drawing). Hydraulic pressure and compressed air work against each other in the ball. This oleo-pneumatic suspension is used on the Citroën D.S.19 model.



**THE INSIDE STORY : The lines of the piston-engined 3-litre car suggest up-to-date conventio it is a six-seater four-door car with engine mounted at the front. The frontal treatment is simil that of the gas-turbine-engined car illustrated on the previous page. It is modern, yet functi**



**A CAPACIOUS BOOT: The 3-litre piston-engined saloon seen here has a generous luggage-carrying capacity in the overhanging tail, characteristic of modern car trends. This style of saloon has many counterparts in current British design.**



**FINE VISIBILITY : The pillarless construction and "wrap-around" windscreen of the six-seater sa ensures visibility in all directions. There is press-button control of windows and seat adjustm and air-conditioning. The last feature is essential if the car is to appeal to foreign mark**

# CARS TO CONQUER WORLD MARKETS

(*Continued from previous page*)

certain basic models for which there is, or is likely to be, a big overall demand.

If I were dictator in the motor industry I would make sure that Britain was developing these three basic types:

(1) A true baby car to take the place, at the proper moment, of our existing Morris Minor, Austin A30, Ford Popular and Standard Eight.

(2) A piston-engined, 3-litre six-seater saloon with advanced features.

(3) A turbine-engined six-seater saloon.

As the accent of this article is on forward planning, let us deal first with the turbocar. Here we have a chance to be first in the field. Here is an opportunity for us to leapfrog some of the technical advantages secured by certain of our competitors in the design of piston-engined cars.

Britain was the first country to build and demonstrate publicly a turbine-engined car. Our ability to do so—and much of the credit is due to the Rover company—was partly a legacy of the great pioncer work British engineers did during the war on jet engines for aircraft.

Going round the industry to-day one does not get a feeling of any special urgency about turbocar development. There seems to be no Government inspiration, no central planning or pooling of ideas. And not enough money is being spent in this branch if we really are going to be in the field first, ahead of the United States.

The turbocar in my three-car programme would have a turbine of 150–200 b.h.p. with either a fully developed heat exchanger or an auxiliary engine of the free piston type. General Motors of America are experimenting with one of these units. It is designed to feed the turbine with pre-heated, compressed air to give fuel economy and to make possible the use of cheaper materials in the construction of the turbine.

British car chiefs should be worried by this new departure in American turbocar research. It shows a bold approach to the problems involved. A good deal of work has been done in Britain on free piston engines, and the use of this kind of compressor in conjunction with gas turbines should be carefully investigated if it has not already been done.

My turbocar must have a fuel consumption of not less than 15 miles to the gallon. An experimental Chrysler turbocar which was driven 3,000 miles recently, from New York to Los Angeles, averaged 17.5 m.p.g. at a cruising speed of between 40 and 45 miles an hour.

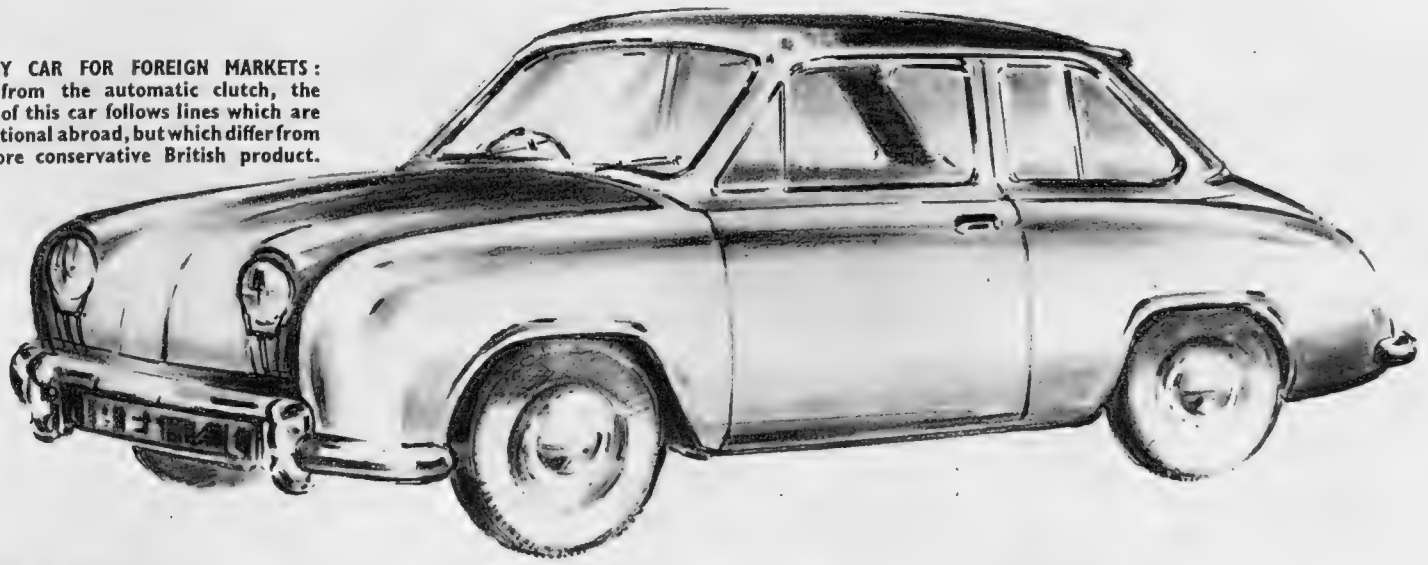
Turbocars have no need for automatic gear-bo They have their own "built-in" torque converters. T is one of the things I have in mind when I say the turbo gives Britain a chance to "leapfrog" the points of te nical superiority established by some of our competit The turbine-engined car needs only a simple gear-bo give normal drive, low or emergency drive and reverse

My turbocar must have a nicely streamlined four-d body of integral construction and with self-compensa oleo-pneumatic suspension of the kind which is b pioneered by the French Citroën company.

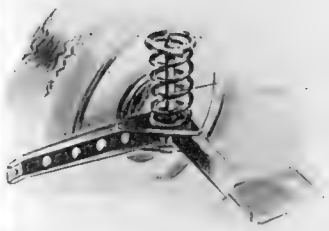
There should be a top speed of 120 m.p.h., disc br (mounted inboard to reduce unsprung weight) and poss a transparent roof with adequate insulation against c and heat. I borrow this idea from the "Car of the Futu exhibited in model form at the last *Daily Mail* Ho Home Exhibition.

Regarding No. 2 in my three-model programme piston-engined, 3-litre, six-seater saloon—it can be s that Britain is already building a number of models wh come close to this specification. Among them could named the Ford Zephyr and Zodiac, the new Jaguar, Rover models, the Daimler Conquest, the Austin W minster and the new A105, the Morris Isis and t Wolseley 6/90.

This is an impressive list. But what I have in mind car with some advanced features which these models



A BABY CAR FOR FOREIGN MARKETS: Apart from the automatic clutch, the design of this car follows lines which are conventional abroad, but which differ from the more conservative British product.



REAR SUSPENSION DETAILS: The "baby" car has independent rear suspension by coil springs, with a shock-absorber in the centre of each.

not possess. The engine should have six cylinders at least. It should have direct fuel injection and an automatic gear-box giving two-pedal control (as do the American gear-boxes fitted to some Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Armstrong Siddeley and Jaguar models).

These are all bigger cars than my proposed 3-litre model, but it should not be long before an automatic gear-box is developed for models with smaller engines. Britain has palpably lagged behind the U.S. in the development of automatic transmission systems. Now is the time for us to catch up.

As in my turbocar there should be oleo-pneumatic independent suspension of all four wheels, designed to keep the car on an even keel whatever the load variations back and front.

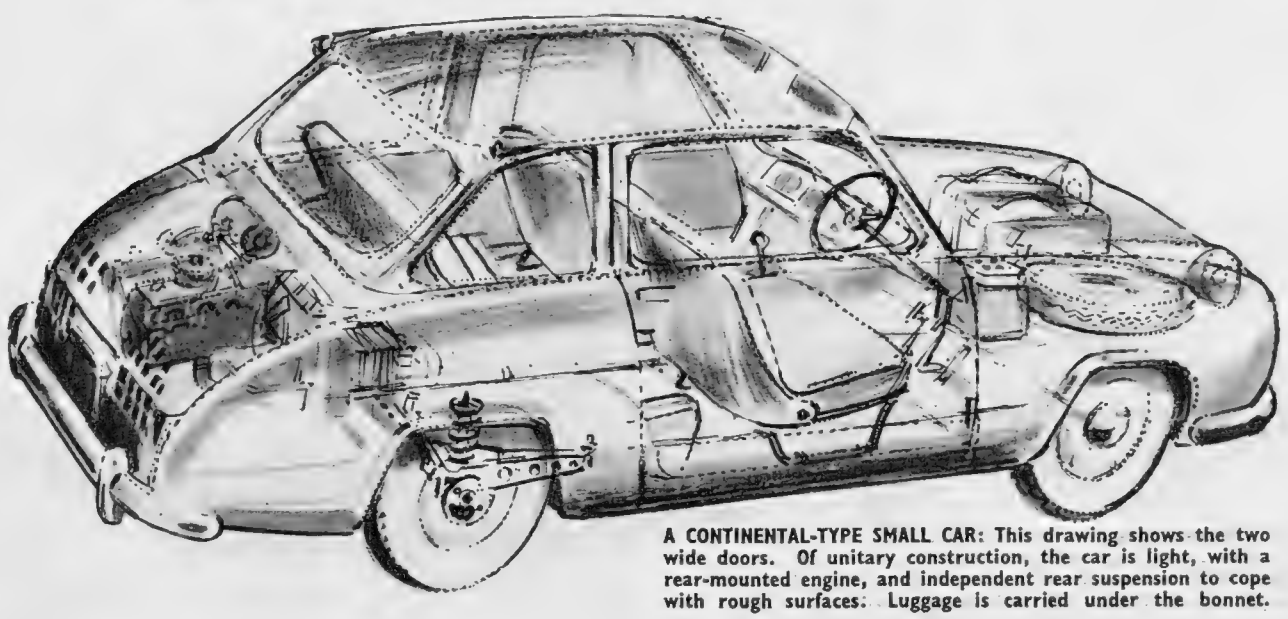
Disc brakes should be employed. There should be press-button control of windows and seat adjustment, a system of refrigeration (essential if the car is to sell in many important foreign markets) and "wrap-around" windscreens and rear windows.

Now for the "baby" of the family. It would have a rear-mounted engine and the independent rear springing so well suited to the rough roads in some countries.

It should be a 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine of about 800 cc., giving a top speed of 60 m.p.h. and at least 45 m.p.g.

I specify two wide doors and a body built on the unitary principle. It should be designed with an eye to both lightness (consistent with adequate torsional strength), ease of manufacture and cheap repairs.

The four-speed gear-box, controlled by a lever on the floor, should have an automatic clutch and a geared-up top ratio for economical fast touring.



A CONTINENTAL-TYPE SMALL CAR: This drawing shows the two wide doors. Of unitary construction, the car is light, with a rear-mounted engine, and independent rear suspension to cope with rough surfaces. Luggage is carried under the bonnet.



THE REAR ENGINE MOUNTING: A small 4-cylinder engine lives in the "boot." It is water-cooled, of about 800 cc. Top speed is 60 m.p.h. and petrol consumption at least 45 m.p.g.



THE FRONTAL ASPECT: The spare wheel is kept in a slot between the front wheels. The car is designed for easy manufacture and cheap repairs, and has a 4-speed gearbox with automatic clutch.

# The Manufacturer's View

*Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of Morris Motors Ltd. from 1940 Until 1947, was Largely Responsible for Britain's Most Famous Post-war Small Car—the Morris Minor. Here, he gives a Valuable Appreciation of "The Sphere's" Cars. Sir Miles, after Three Years as Director of the Colonial Development Corporation and Six Years as Chairman of B.O.A.C., is now Chairman of Monsanto Chemicals Ltd.*

It is always good to aim high. The proposals made by the Motoring Correspondent of THE SPHERE, and in particular his artist confrère, are certainly provocative, and should give all designers in British motor-car factories food for thought.

It is not difficult to job backwards and analyse the reasons for the deplorably sudden cuts in car production programmes in this country. The blame lies not so much in the engineering departments as in the commercial thinking that did not take into account the fact that when cars were in short supply every would-be purchaser put three or four on order. The demand was blatantly false. Now that the balloon has been pricked, the industry is going to have a difficult time liquidating unwanted stocks, and concurrently getting new models into production.

The 64-dollar question, of course, is to get the right equation between advance in design, date of production and ultimate cost.

Of the three projects put forward for "Cars to Conquer World Markets" I personally would be most interested in the baby car. That perhaps is only natural, because I had so much to do with the making of the Morris Minor. The styling proposed in the illustrations is good. Much work, of course, is necessary on the detail drawing-boards to translate these schematic drawings into bodies that will be functional. Before now I have seen several artists' free-hand sketches that looked very nice, but which in at least one notable case had doors that simply could not be opened because the hinge line was in the wrong place. But by and large, I like the proposals put forward here.

The turbocar admittedly would be put last on my list of priorities. There is a great deal of intensive development still to be done not only on the heat-exchange system, but on the aerodynamics of turbine blades and the like. Let us get on with it by all means, but don't let us put out something too soon that may be a flop—and an expensive one at that.

The 3-litre, 6-cylinder model here envisaged, on the other hand, appeals to me very much. I like plenty of glass or plastic equipment above the waist-line, because on crowded roads any sensible driver does not drive "on" the car in front but by what he can see through it. And the more you can see through the cars in front of you the better for road safety.

The popularity of the 3-litre, 6-cylinder envisaged here would obviously depend on its ultimate price. Things like press-button window-winders and similar refinements can only be afforded when their tool cost is spread over a very big production, and bold indeed would be the British manufacturer who would embark upon a programme as large as that of his American contemporaries. Yet somehow I feel that that is the only way in which long-term success in the British motor industry is going to be obtained, particularly if dollar availability on export markets brings us into head-on competition overseas with the very well-engineered and comparatively low-priced products of Detroit.

Such volume of production in this country can only be attained by adding the sales of three or four makes of car together. It might well be worth while three or four makers pooling their resources as well as their sales outlets.

One thing I am convinced the British motor industry is suffering from at the present time is too many models chasing too few customers.

# ON RIVER AND IN THE YARDS

*Dredging the Missouri; Anti-Submarine Tests; and Launchings at British Yards*

*On right—*

**A STRANGE CRAFT ON THE MISSOURI:** This paddle-wheel-boat-dredger, operated by the U.S. Army Engineering Corps, plies between Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas, to keep open a channel for river traffic. The long pipes which are fixed to the pontoons ahead of the craft are used to carry off the mud and silt dredged by the vessel. With its two tall funnels it resembles the old paddle-boats which were formerly a familiar sight on the Missouri and the Mississippi.

**A CAPTURED GERMAN SNORKEL DEVICE IS BEING USED TO TEST NEW AMERICAN ANTI-SUBMARINE DETECTION APPARATUS:** Mounted on a torpedo-shaped hull, it is being lowered into the water at the U.S. Naval Air Station, Patuxent River, Maryland, for experiments by the Radar Branch of Electronics Test Division. It is known as the Snorkel Simulator and is guided by remote control or by a man sitting on a bicycle seat on the side of the structure.

**A PRECARIOUS PERCH:** An electrical engineer, sitting on a specially devised bicycle seat, guides the Snorkel Simulator during a test on Chesapeake Bay. The hull operates as a submarine.

*On right—*

**A BRITISH-BUILT TRAWLER FOR RUSSIA TAKES THE WATER AT LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK:** The M.T. *Karp*, the seventh of twenty trawlers which are being built by Brooke Marine Ltd., for Russia, is seen after her launching She is almost 190 ft. long, and has a loaded displacement of about 1,300 tons. The third trawler has now completed her trials and the fourth, fifth and sixth trawlers are being fitted out.

**THE FIRST OF SIX VESSELS TO BE BUILT IN BRITAIN FOR IRELAND:** The 9,150-ton *Irish Poplar* moves down the slipway at the Cammel Laird yard at Birkenhead, after the naming ceremony by Mrs. MacKenzie, wife of the Managing Director of Irish Shipping Ltd. owners of the ship. A service of blessing preceded the launching

# PRINCESS GRACE IN PARIS

*The Princess of Monaco Celebrates American Independence Day before Leaving with her Husband for Paris*

**AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY IN MONACO:** Princess Grace receives a bouquet bound in Monégasque and American colours after her arrival in the cathedral at Monaco for a High Mass celebrating American Independence Day. On the right the sister of Prince Rainier receives a similar bouquet. This was the first public appearance made by the former Hollywood screen actress since her marriage to Prince Rainier III of Monaco nearly three months ago. The occasion was the celebration of a High Mass at the Cathedral of St. Charles to mark America's Independence Day. *On right*—The Royal couple are preceded down the aisle by the Prince's chaplain in cope and stole.

**PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS WIFE AT GARE DE LYON:** The couple walk down the platform after their arrival in Paris from Monaco. Their stay is expected to last a fortnight. Prince Rainier will be leaving with his film-star wife on a visit to the United States in September of this year.

**ON HOLIDAY IN PARIS:** Prince Rainier and his wife take a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne after their arrival. *Below*—The couple pause for photographers outside their Passy apartment near the Bois.

# THE RENAISSANCE OF AN OLD INN

*The Bull's Head at Guildford, in Surrey, has been Extensively Restored, and the Old "Snug" and Three Tiny Bars have Made Way for a Large Open Bar*

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RATHER more than thirty years ago my "local" was The Bull's Head, an old tavern in Guildford High Street, a few doors down the hill from the famous clock. It was a small and somewhat dilapidated place, with three tiny bars on the ground floor, and a large bare room, which in those days was known (inaccurately) as the "games room," on the first floor. There was, it is true, a small billiard-table up there, but the cushions had given up the struggle years before and I cannot recall ever seeing anyone playing on it. But I can remember how chill that room struck when you went into it, and I can smell to this day the peculiar musty odour that hung about it. I suspect that it was the mice that played the games up there.

Also on the ground floor there was a small sitting-room, known as "The Snug." In public-house language the Snug is a semi-private room reserved by custom for the regulars. The dictionary definition of "snug" is "sheltered from weather and cold, packed in, cosy." In neither sense could the old Snug of The Bull's Head be described as typical. It was certainly sheltered from weather and cold, it was certainly packed (for it was very small), but I do not think that anybody could have called it cosy.

Cosy, says the dictionary, means "warm and comfortable." Comfortable it was not. It was too crowded, and the few chairs and the stiff settee were occupied early and vacated only at closing time. But warm it was. The single small window was never opened, and from early autumn onwards the landlord kept a roaring open fire going full blast. Stifling would, perhaps, be a better word than warm. If you came in late in the evening, you entered an oven in which a cloud of blue smoke hung at about head height, obscuring the faces of the regulars.

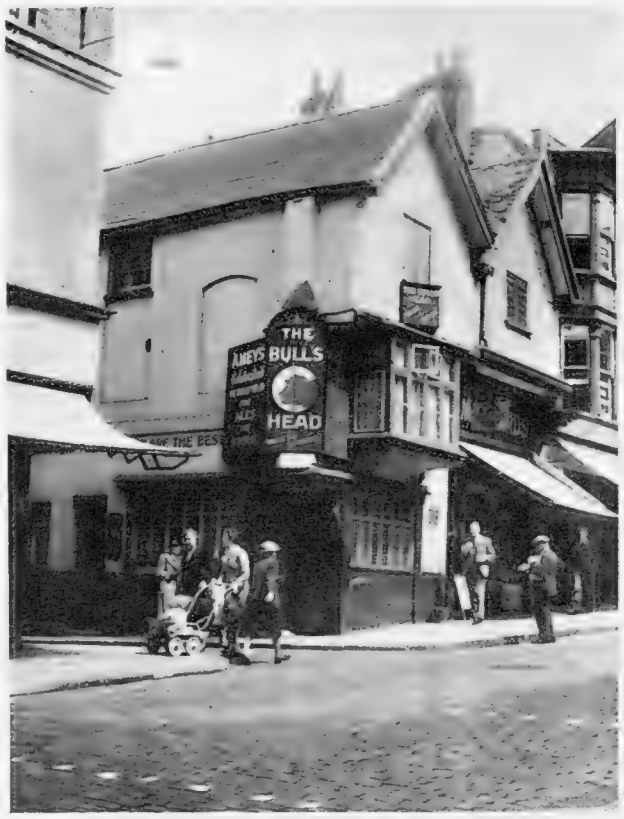
Does all this sound somewhat frightful? Well, it was not. I remember that stuffy, smoke-laden little room with real affection. Had it, as would a real Snug, been restricted to regulars true and proper, it would have been comfortable enough. But the real regulars formed but a small proportion of the crowd of a winter's evening. There was Donn Byrne, a best-selling novelist of the time; Toby Stokoe, then a famous amateur golfer; Frank Goddard, then a leading professional heavyweight boxer; an antique dealer; a leading barrister, now a judge; a blacksmith; the draper from round the corner; a retired colonel; Tom Best, who had something to do with the stage; and three or four others, whose occupations I no longer remember, if I ever knew.

This is just about the normal cross-section of the public, which you would expect to find in any Snug in a county town. But, in addition, there were (to use an ornithological term) a number of passage migrants, who dropped in at intervals and who came into the Snug as of right. Of these, I remember particularly Hilaire Belloc, Edgar Wallace, Tom Walls, Jeffrey Farnol and Rupert Gould. And there were others, who though they could not strictly be classified as passage migrants, yet found their way to the Snug. I remember C. B. Cochran once or twice, and G. K. Chesterton once.

Why The Bull's Head should have been so honoured I do not know. It did not advertise, and it was not the sort of place that one would have expected to have a connection, however loose, with the stage or with literature. Perhaps it was due to the personality of the landlord. Perhaps it was due to some particularly charming barmaid—I wonder if brewers know how much they sometimes owe to barmaids?—but I do not believe that my memory is as bad as that. Perhaps it was just that there was no by-pass in those days, and people were not in such a terrible hurry, and this was an old house in the middle of one of the most fascinating town streets in England.

Even so, it is rather surprising. For, to the casual glance, the exterior did not suggest great age, and it was, I should have thought, the easiest place in the world to pass unnoticed. But The Bull's Head is old. It is not the oldest building in the High Street by any means—the Royal Free Grammar School (which was not, as is commonly thought, founded by Edward VI, but by Robert Bechingham, who died in 1509) pre-dates it by many years, and though much of the Angel Hotel, lower down the hill, is later, there is beneath it a cellar with a beautiful groined roof of the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century. The Bull's Head is said to date from 1550 and is probably a good deal older than that.

But the great point of interest about the tavern (which was originally known simply as The Bull: the "Head" was not added until 1826) is that it was built as an inn and has remained a licensed house throughout its 400 years of history. Moreover, the names of the landlords are known from 1772 to the present day; a record which can, surely, be equalled by very few public houses.



**THE TRANSFORMATION OF A "LOCAL": The picture *on the left* shows The Bull's Head, at Guildford, as it was before restoration, and that *on the right* as it is to-day. The inn is said to date from 1550 but is probably a good deal older than that. It has remained a licensed house throughout its history. The inn was acquired in 1951 by Whitbread and Co.**

All this past history has been brought to mind because I have recently witnessed the renaissance of The Bull's Head. There is, of course, nothing new about the improvement, or even the rebuilding, of a public house. A great deal was done in this direction in the years between the wars: indeed, I suppose it would be true to say that many millions of pounds were spent by the brewers on improving or rebuilding their public houses in that period. Prior to 1914 it was very difficult to obtain permission to make even the most minor improvements. Licensing justices were then convinced that if buildings were improved drinking would be encouraged—time has proved that the exact opposite is the case—and it is doubtful if their attitude would have changed had it not been for the advent of state management.

In 1916 the Government, largely on the insistence of Mr. Lloyd George, acquired by State Purchase a number of breweries, public houses and other licensed premises in Cumberland, at Enfield Lock and in the Cromarty Firth area. Of these, the Cumberland purchase (which became known as the Carlisle Undertaking) was by far the most important, since it covered an area of some 500 square miles and thus permitted experiment on a large scale.

These experiments in improvement were undertaken under the architectural direction of Mr. Harry Redfern, F.R.I.B.A., and followed three main principles: the substitution of a large open bar for "snugs," the provision of recreational facilities, and the provision of meals or, at least, of sandwiches. In these days when state management in industry has become pretty well synonymous with bungle and waste, it is a pleasant duty to pay tribute to the state management districts, for it was the Carlisle undertaking that made possible the evolution of the modern public house. The brewery trade was very suspicious and uneasy at first (and understandably so), but it was not long before Redfern's example was being followed all over the country.

Yet, though the improvement or rebuilding of public houses is now a commonplace, the renaissance of The Bull's Head is, in a number of ways, exceptional.

It was acquired in 1951 by Whitbread and Company, when the then owners, Amey's Brewery, became associated with the famous London firm. Trade had, by then, fallen off very considerably, and there were a number of serious disadvantages, in the eyes of the new owners, to its continuance as a public house. The chief of these were its very small size, and the fact that the structure was pronounced unsafe. It was, therefore, proposed that it should be sold. Public opinion in the town, led by the Guildford Society (one of the liveliest and most sensible local societies in Britain), reacted very strongly to this suggestion. Guildford felt that the ancient house should be preserved and, moreover, preserved as a public house, and steps were taken which led to The Bull's Head being scheduled as a building of historic and architectural interest. The brewers, acknowledging the strength of local feeling, responded by accepting the obligation to restore and maintain it as a public house.

Restoration was a major undertaking. The first requirement was to render the building safe. This meant that the whole of the interior had to be stripped to expose the original Tudor structure of timber and brick. As was only to be expected in a building of such age, woodworm and death-watch beetle were prevalent, and treatment against their ravages was required everywhere.

Much timber had to be replaced, and this has been most carefully done. All the oak used is over a hundred years old, and every single piece has been wrought with the adze by craftsmen actually on the site. A most refreshing return to tradition in these days of mass-production and prefabrication.

The roof, in particular, created very difficult structural problems during restoration, for the timbers are of unusual size, well-preserved and of great weight, and they had a tendency to splay. This roof is of particular architectural interest, and it has been left open to inspection by members of the public.

The second requirement was, in the words of the architect, Mr. Percy H. Banks, to make it "a well-mannered pub in keeping with the intentions of its original design." This is easily said, but not so easily fulfilled. It cannot be easy to meet modern requirements while strictly preserving a building's original character. It would have been easy to turn The Bull's Head into a "mock Tudor" tavern. Nothing of the sort has happened. The interior decoration is modern, but unpolished, handworked oak and leather panelling has been extensively used, and the effect is almost miraculously in keeping.

Of course, the interior plan has been changed. The three tiny bars and the small, deliciously stuffy Snug have disappeared. In their place, in the true Redfern tradition, is a large open bar. And, on the first floor, where once the mice held revel, is a most up-to-date and comfortable grill room. Modern requirements have been met. But The Bull's Head remains The Bull's Head.

Mr. Banks has achieved a triumph. And it is fitting that, after a year's hard and continuous work, the old Bull's Head should have been reopened by the President of the Royal Academy. For Sir Albert Richardson is not only a great architect, but also the author of a classic work on the English Inn. Few public houses can have been so loved as The Bull's Head. None, surely, has been so honoured at its renaissance.

**THE NEW CITY FROM THE ROOF OF THE CATHEDRAL: Immediately below is St. Paul's Garden, which was the City of London's contribution to the 1951 Festival of Britain. The bomb-damaged tower on the left is all that remains of St. Augustine's Church and will eventually form part of new buildings for the Cathedral Choir School. Beyond it, on the left, can be seen part of the future Bank of England offices, and in the centre is the recently completed office block of Gateway House.**

# A CHANGING SCENE IN THE CITY

*Progress Continues on the New Buildings Rising Round the East End of St. Paul's Cathedral*

The changing face of London is clearly shown by the picture on this page. Already the future aspect of Watling Street can be seen as it runs past the old tower of St. Augustine's Church and on between the recently completed office block of Gateway House and the scaffolding-covered corner where the Bank of England's new building is rapidly taking shape. The strictly formal layout of St. Paul's Garden will ensure that from one side, at least, the view of the Cathedral will not be obstructed. On the right of the picture workmen are busy clearing the ground on one of the remaining sites before its development takes place. The site will be used for the new office which the *Financial Times* will erect in the near future. In the top right-hand corner of the picture the iron-girdered roof of Cannon Street Station stretches its length towards the river. Above it can be seen Tower Bridge framing the teeming Pool of London. Even when the future buildings for St. Paul's Choir School have been added to the solitary tower of the bombed Church of St. Augustine (on left of picture), the Cathedral will be seen to much greater advantage than it was before the devastation of London during the blitz.

SHOPPING IN MOSCOW'S LARGEST STORE: Queues stand round the entrances to three of the departments in the famous GUM store. Formerly an arcade of shops, it is now the largest store in the Soviet capital. GUM is always crowded. But the problem facing purchasers is whether the required goods are available and if so whether the prices are within the range of normal pockets.

UP FROM THE COUNTRY: In the GUM sto a rest during their tour of its depa m be distinguished from Muscovites b he

BEGGARS IN THE STREET: The mother a ch by a Moscow citizen. Officially, begrs h from the streets, but they contin o

# MOSCOW SCENE

*Recent Pictures of Life Among the Citizens in and Around the Capital of the Soviet Union*

AT A RELIGIOUS SHRINE: A worshipper drinks Holy Water at a shrine in the Zagorsk Convent, 70 miles from Moscow. She has also filled a bottle with the water.

THE RED ARMY OFF PARADE: The soldiers stroll through a street near Red Square in central Moscow. Some observers believe that the Red Army now holds the key to the future political development of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

A PRIEST OUTSIDE HIS CHURCH: The black-robed father stands outside the convent at Zagorsk. There seems to be no ban on church attendance in Moscow.

ASHTRAY AND SPITTOON: Many of thes owl on the pavements of Moscow. Th re paign to keep the streets of the Sovie api

sto; a couple of peasants epaments. They are to s by heir country clothes.

a child are given alms grs have been abolished n) o be seen on them.

owls are to be seen re part of the cam- apital tidy and clean.

**IN THE HEART OF MOSCOW : The broad street leads to St. Basil's Cathedral—now a museum—and Red Square. In the left foreground is a kiosk selling soft drinks and ice-cream. Running water is laid on from taps in the wall of the building. Since the death of Stalin, an increasing number of visitors from Britain has been to Moscow each year. But in a short stay, most agree that it is impossible to judge the real mood of the U.S.S.R.**

One of the most interesting features of the Soviet Union since the death of Stalin has been the way in which the country has been opened up to travellers from the outside world. No longer is Moscow a " walled city " of mystery, and within reasonable limits it is possible to move freely elsewhere in the vast Communist sub-continent. Probably one of the chief obstacles to the ordinary traveller is the expense. The cost of the journey from the West is high, although efforts are being made to reduce the charges.

On arrival in Moscow the visitor finds himself in a city which has something in common with other capitals and many peculiarities of its own. The streets are busy, with crowds on the pavements and plenty of traffic passing.

The citizens walking by are dressed in a variety of costumes, but recently there has been a noticeable effort to improve women's fashions. (Models from Britain have given displays in Moscow.) Even the most casual observer will note that the streets are kept clean and tidy. Stone ashtrays-cum-spittoons are placed at intervals along the roads and one does not have to be able to read Russian to know that some of the notices are familiar warnings against leaving litter.

The shops, of course, are part of the Communist economy, and in this respect they differ from those in the West. But the visitor will probably feel quite at home in such a great store as GUM. This vast state-run organisation occupies three enormous arcades in a splendid building and their extent is so large that it is not difficult to get lost in them.

Department stores and skyscrapers and, of course, the famous underground railway—these are familiar to the visitor. The older architecture, however, is not. The Kremlin, with its group of palaces and such churches as St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, are examples of Byzantine building which are oriental rather than occidental. St. Basil's is now a museum.

But in and around Moscow there are a number of churches open for worship. Priests seem to walk freely in the streets and there appears to be no ban on any one attending services. But whether Christianity has any real influence on the younger generations of Soviet citizens it is impossible to say.

Moscow is now open, but it is on such points as religion and politics that the visitor finds himself still in a city of mystery. The people know only what the Government chooses to tell them, although there is evidence that now jamming has been eased an increasing number obtain information from broadcasts from Britain. But the political conduct of the state is remote from the ordinary man and woman. On the cliques and personalities in the Kremlin—Bulganin and Khrushchev, Malenkov and Mikoyan, Zhukov and the generals—the visitor is probably better informed than his hosts. The people of Moscow only know that whichever individual or combination of individuals controls the reins of government, the men in the Kremlin are still the complete masters of the country.

# SONG AND DANCE AT LLANGOLLEN

*Teams from Many Nations Compete in the International Musical Eisteddfod*

For the tenth time, the small town of Llangollen, in Denbigh, became host for a week to teams of folk singers and dancers from all over Europe. The International Musical Eisteddfod was attended by performers from twenty countries, including Corsica, Guernsey, Eire, Yugoslavia, Spain, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Italy. The singing, dancing and brilliant costumes attracted a huge concourse of tourists: 45,000 visitors were admitted to the Eisteddfod grounds on one day alone. The great marquee where the contests were held accommodated 8,000 spectators. Although solo competitions were held, the principal attractions were the choirs and teams of dancers, many of whom gave impromptu displays in the open air. The Eisteddfod opened with a performance by Alicia Markova and the Ballet Rambert. Competing with twenty-eight other choirs, Yugoslavia took first place in the main choral contest. One American group competed: girls of the North Fulton Special Choir of Atlanta, Georgia, who took fifth place. The Spanish Basques from San Sebastian won the folk-dancing contest. In the competition for women's choirs, English singers took the first three places.

THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD AT LLANGOLLEN: This general view shows some of the packed spectators around the tents during the Eisteddfod. This event, now in its tenth year, is an established international festival which attracts performers from all over Europe, including Corsica and Guernsey.

DANCERS FROM EAST ANGLIA: Members of the Wisbech folk-dancing team perform in the flag-decorated streets of Llangollen. The Eisteddfod is a great tourist attraction, and 45,000 visitors were counted on one day. One marquee held 8,000 people.

AN ATTRACTIVE DANCE FROM ESTONIA: The couples embrace in one of the figures of an Estonian folk dance. The various teams gave impromptu displays in the Eisteddfod grounds.

FOLK DANCERS FROM BRITTANY: Watched by a ring of interested spectators, among them members of their own team, dancers from Brittany perform in the street to the accompaniment of their own Breton bagpipes while on their way to the Eisteddfod grounds. The town of Llangollen is in the background.

AN ENERGETIC BASQUE: A member of the group of Spanish Basques from San Sebastian who won the folk-dancing competition performs before his critical team-mates.

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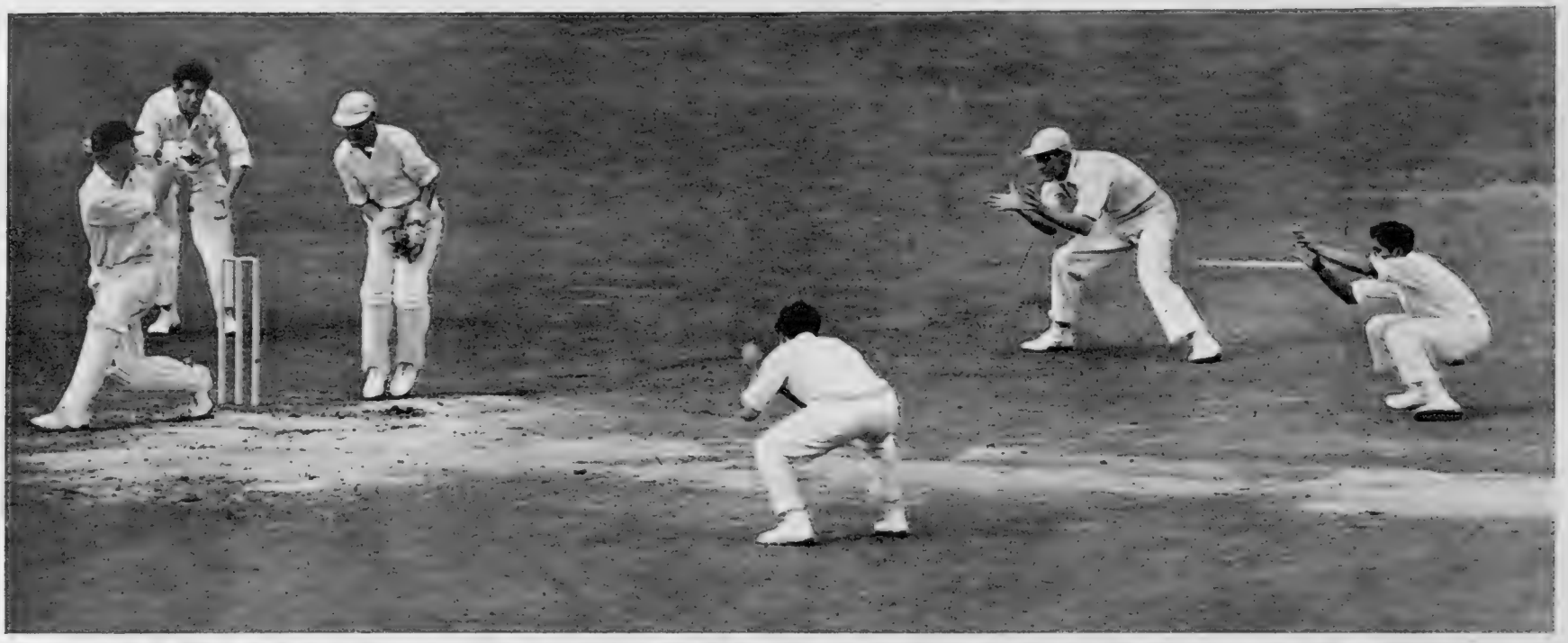
THE NEW COMMITTEE MEETS IN LHASA : Amid a crowd of hand-clapping Tibetans and smiling Chinese, the Dalai Lama leads the way into the conference hall of the new preparatory committee. Behind him in fur cap is the chief Chinese delegate, Marshal Chen Yi, who was leading the Peking delegation, and the Panchen Lama. The Chinese delegate, who is a deputy Prime Minister of the Chinese Government, brought a party of fifty-seven members and dancers and musicians from seventeen nations.

UNDER THE GAZE OF MAO-TSE-TUNG : The Dalai Lama (centre at microphone) makes the opening address at the first meeting of the recently inaugurated preparatory committee. As a backcloth to the proceedings in the meeting hall, a portrait of Mao-Tse-Tung, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Government, broods over the assembled delegates, dwarfing the two smaller pictures of the Dalai and Panchen Lamas. Last year the two Lamas finished six months of indoctrination in Peking.



**A RECORD-BREAKING BATSMAN: M. J. K. Smith, captain of Oxford, attempts a leg drive off S. Singh's bowling during the second day's play of the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's. During the game he set up two records. He became the first player to make centuries in three successive University matches. He also brought his aggregate in University matches to 477 runs, thus exceeding by 20 runs the previous highest aggregate, made by the Nawab of Pataudi in 1931. Smith made 117 in the first innings and 10 in the second. The match was drawn, but it was not without exciting moments, notably on the Tuesday, when it seemed Cambridge might win.**

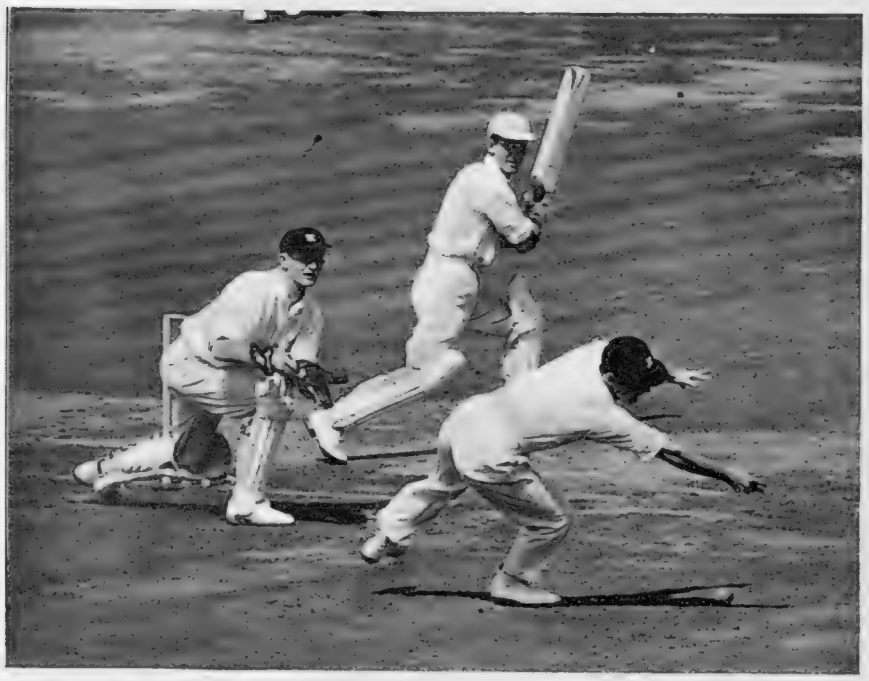
# RECORDS IN THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

*At Lord's, M. J. K. Smith, of Oxford, Becomes Unique Among University Batsmen*

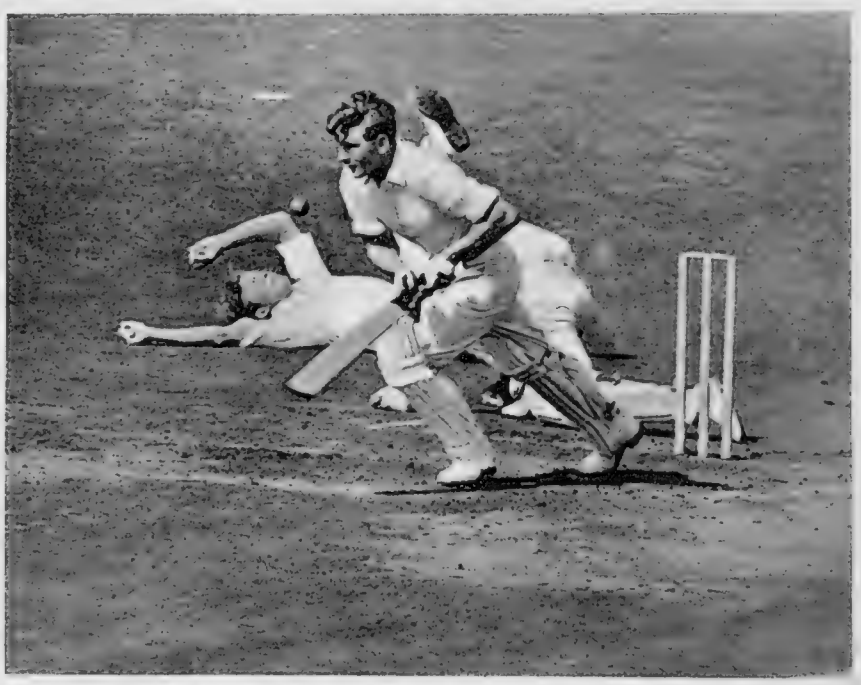
**A BOUNDARY FOR OXFORD: M. A. Eagar sweeps G. Goonesena for 4. He made 55 not out in a great partnership with Smith. M. E. L. Melluish, the Cambridge captain, is the wicket-keeper.**

**OXFORD IN THE FIELD: Smith gets down to a ball turned by E. R. Dexter in the Cambridge second innings. Dexter was later stumped by A. P. Walshe off I. M. Gibson. Cambridge, who batted first, scored 303 for 7 (dec.) and 134 for 5 (dec.), and Oxford 247 for 9 (dec.) and 58 for 5.**

THE University match at Lord's ended last week in a draw. Cambridge made 303 runs for 7 wickets declared in the first day's play. O'Brien's innings of 146 was the feature of the play. On the second day the fine partnership of M. J. K. Smith and M. Eagar put on 111 and saved Oxford from following-on. On the last day, Eagar was concerned in Oxford's second innings stand with J. M. Allan. Smith, of Oxford, became the first University player to make centuries in three successive University matches, and then went on to break another record by scoring a total of 477 for his University matches, thus beating the 457 aggregate of the Nawab of Pataudi.



**THE HIGHEST SCORER: R. O'Brien, one of the Cambridge opening pair, cuts a ball through the slips during his first innings of 146. This was the highest score of this year's University match. In the second innings O'Brien was out for 0.**



**A DIFFICULT CHANCE: J. M. Allan, of Oxford, sprawls on his back in an unsuccessful attempt to catch J. F. Pretlove during his second innings of 34 not out. In the days of play at Lord's Cambridge had the better of the draw throughout.**

# FANGIO WINS THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX

*Peter Collins is Second; B.R.M.s Fall Out after Leading; a Connaught takes Fourth Place*

The British Grand Prix at Silverstone was won by Fangio, of the Argentine, in a Ferrari. Peter Collins was second in another Ferrari, and the best British car was a Connaught, driven by the veteran driver Jack Fairman, which took fourth place. Fangio, last year's champion, now occupies second place in the championship table with 21 points. Peter Collins is only 1 point ahead. Jean Behra, who came third in a Maserati, has 18 points. British cars did not do well in the race. Teams of three cars from B.R.M., Vanwall and Connaught all entered, but only one finished—Fairman's Connaught. All the others fell out with mechanical ills of various kinds. There was great excitement early in the race, when Mike Hawthorn and C. A. S. Brooks shot into the lead in their B.R.M.s, but Brooks crashed and Hawthorn retired with transmission trouble. The third B.R.M. dropped out early with engine failure. Collins' Ferrari came in after losing oil pressure. He took over the Marquis de Portago's car in order to avoid losing first place in the championship, but thereby lost half his points for second place, having to share them with de Portago. In the sports car race which followed the Grand Prix, Stirling Moss won in a Maserati.

FANGIO IN A FERRARI WINS THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX: The Argentine driver, last year's world champion, flashes over the line at Silverstone to take first place in the Grand Prix. Peter Collins was second in another Ferrari.

THE END OF A BRITISH HOPE: The B.R.M. of C. A. S. Brooks blazes at the side of the track. After holding second place for a while, it lost a back wheel and overturned.

THREE HUNDRED MILES BEFORE THEM: The tightly-bunched cars get away from the start of the British Grand Prix. From the right, the cars are: No. 23, Mike Hawthorn (B.R.M.); No. 2, Peter Collins (Ferrari); No. 28, Roy Salvadori (Maserati); No. 18, Froilan Gonzales (Vanwall); No. 1, Fangio (Ferrari); No. 7, Stirling Moss (Maserati).

AN EXCITING DUEL: Fangio, of the Argentine, in a Ferrari (No. 1), and C. A. S. Brooks in a B.R.M. struggle among the leaders in the opening laps of the race. For the first six laps, Brooks held second place to Hawthorn in another B.R.M.

A BRITISH CAR IN THE LEAD: Mike Hawthorn in a B.R.M. is seen leading the field at the beginning of the race. He was forced to retire at the end of twenty-four laps with transmission trouble, after being sprayed with escaping lubricant. No B.R.M.s finished.

THE HILLS OF ARRAN: A steamer from the mainland waits for a passenger launch as it lies off the Arran shore in Brodick Bay. In the background can be seen Goatfell (2,866 ft.), the highest peak, above the Brodick shore. Although the Arran Hills have been popular for walking and scrambling for some time, it is only since the war that they have come into their own as a rock-climbing area.

# CLIMBING THE ARRAN HILLS

*The Possibilities of these Ranges for the Mountaineer have only Recently Become Apparent*

Photographs and Article by TOM WEIR

BY CAR FROM THE MAINLAND: Although Arran becomes more and more popular with tourists each year the cost of taking a car to the island is still excessively high. It is hoped that when a ferry, now being built, is in service the costs will be reduced.

THE GRANITE CRAGS OF THE HILLS: The usual strata formations of the Arran Hills, which tend to form cyclopean walls, do not, as a rule, favour the climber. The comparatively recent discovery of the Rosa Pinnacle, however, should attract more climbers.

ON A RIDGE OF CIR MHOR: From the slopes of Cir Mhor, where most of the old rock-scrambling routes lie, can be seen the Witch's Step, the sharp peak on the right. Its summit can only be reached by rock-scrambling. It is by crossing the south face of the peak of Cir Mhor that the Rosa Pinnacle is approached.

If there is one group of mountains to which justice has not been done, either by British climbers or the excellent guide-books published by the Scottish Mountaineering Club, it is the group known as the Arran Hills. These granite ranges are not all gravel and holdless slabs, but at their best can offer some of the finest rock-climbing to be found in the British Isles.

The delights of the Arran Hills themselves are too well known to need much elaboration. Forming the backbone of the island of Arran, which lies between Kilbrennan Sound and the Firth of Clyde, their granite ridges have been thrust through slate and sandstone to form a chain of thirteen knobbly peaks. They appear difficult to climb, but, in fact, prove easy by their line of least resistance, and strong hillmen can do them all in one long day.

But to walk is not to climb, and it was to the scrambler that Arran offered most. The true rock-climber was attracted by the great crags, but too often disappointed by heather and dirt or holdless slabs, up which progress was only possible if the angle was easy or one could jam arms or legs in convenient clefts.

It is climbs of this scrabbly and rather unpleasant type which are described, for the most part, in the Arran section of *Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide* to the islands of Scotland. The north face of Cir Mhor, where most of the old routes lie, is the outstanding example. It was left to the modern generation of rock-climbers to discover that by merely crossing the ridge of the peak to its south face they would find the finest piece of granite in Scotland in the shape of a 600-ft. tooth, known as the Rosa Pinnacle, which rises in one overlap after another of unrelenting boiler-plate slabs laid like the tiles of a roof.

Examining the south face of Cir Mhor, it can be seen that this grey pinnacle has a true ridge in three huge steps of equal height, each vertical, and each intimidating in the sweep of its bareness. There is no difficulty in finding where to start the climb, for the only line of cleavage offering a route is a very obvious fissure which runs directly upwards for 100 ft. into a recess. The most difficult step in the climb comes in this 100 ft., where the fissure fades to a finger-width crack and only the roughness of the granite offers foothold. The secret is to squeeze the palm of the hand into the crack, then bunch up the fingers until they jam so tightly that the body can be hoisted upward to a pull-up hold. Anyone who can climb this can certainly climb the remainder provided he is not worried by exposure.

Exposure is, in fact, the delightful feature of the whole climb, for the route now goes to the right and

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FIRTH OF CLYDE: Glen Sannox, a steep valley of Arran granite slopes, points down to Bute and the distant coast of Argyll. The huge granite ridges have been thrust through slate and sandstone, to form a backbone for the island of a chain of craggy peaks ideal for walkers and ridge wanderers.

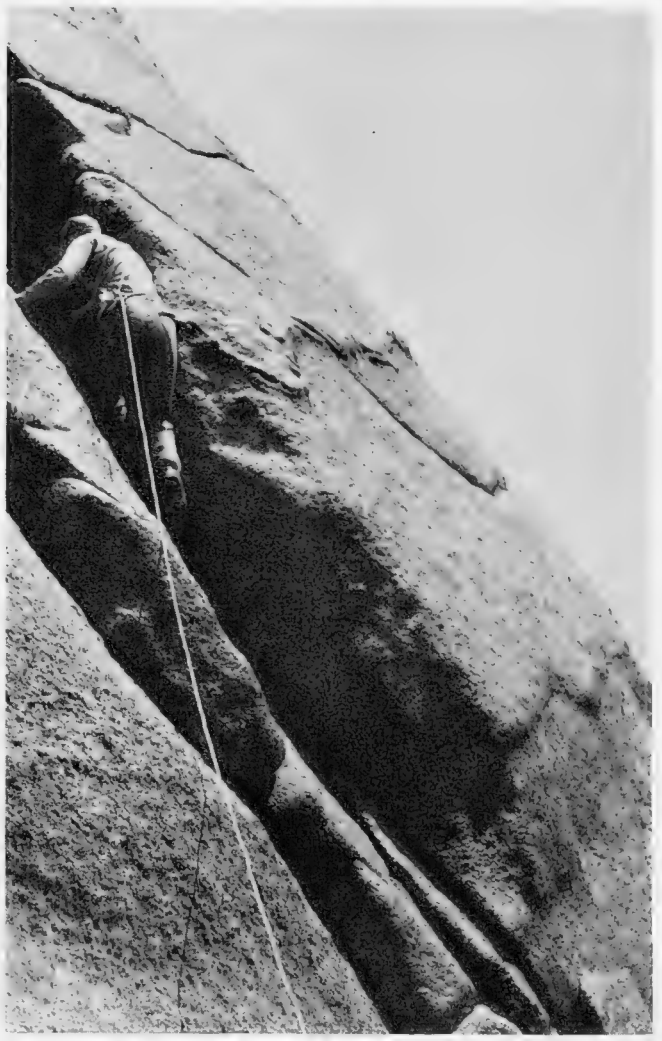
THE PEAKS OF CIR MHOR: Looking from the ridges of Goatfell one can see the double peak of Cir Mhor (on the left) and the summit of Caisteal Abhail (2,817 ft.). These little mountains have most of the characteristics of great peaks. But the strata formations are usually too bare to attract the rock-climber.

crosses to another fracture, not on a slab, but on a sort of flying buttress. The key is a thin crack with such perfect finger-holds that one can virtually walk up this exciting place provided the legs are braced at right-angles to the body.

The situation at the top of this pitch, with impossible rocks immediately above, and rock slabs pitching away so steeply below that it is impossible to see the foot of the climb, is more akin to the Chamonix Aiguilles. It is necessary to climb round an awkward corner on badly placed holds to reach the foot of another crack which leads to a beetling wall.

It is here that one realises that the quality of a great mountain route is more than mere technical difficulty. In fact, a rock-climb and a mountaineering route can be two different things. A great mountaineering route is an inescapable way up the line of a natural feature. It may be a ridge springing low down on a peak and going up to the summit, or it may be a rock buttress or a *couloir* leading in a direct way from the bottom to the top of the peak. Some purists even demand that æsthetic appeal is a further factor in the definition of a "great route." A rock-climb, on the other hand, can be so artificial that it takes ingenuity to maintain its standard.

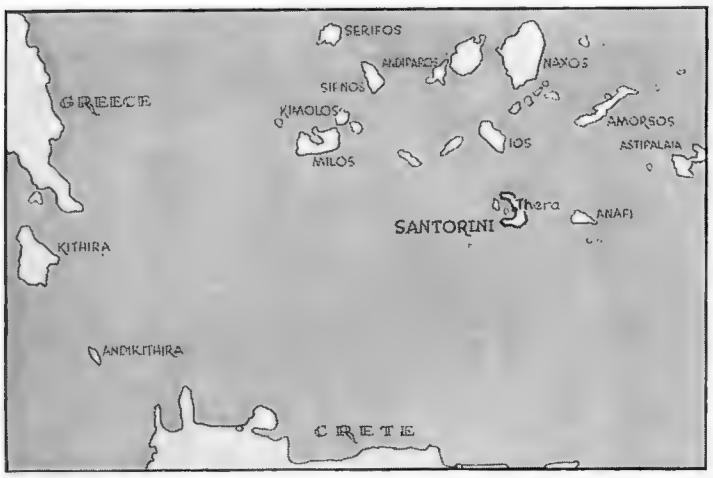
The climb up these south-western slabs has all the qualities of mountaineering, especially in the æsthetic appeal of angled grey slabs radiating in all directions with nothing to soften their austerity. From the rock platform one traverses on to the south ridge itself, where an overhanging nose above is cleft by a three-tiered chimney of fearsome aspect. But by hanging out over space 40 ft. of very satisfying climbing can be found. One hundred feet more and the lip of the great precipice of the east wall is reached. The final ascent is not so difficult as it looks, but the situation would be hard to beat for exposure on any other British climb. It is a fitting finish to the south-western slabs.



CLIMBING THE ROSA PINNACLE: A climber "jams" up a cleft on the south-western slabs to reach the edge of a flying buttress which will give him about 100 ft. of very satisfying climbing.

# SANTORINI AS IT WAS

*These Pictures were Among the Last Taken of the Greek Island Before it was Devastated by the Recent Earthquake*




**THE LOWER CYCLADES: The island of Santorini is one of the numerous islands that cluster in the South Ægean off the coast of Greece. The number of islands is continually changing in this region.**

**THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI: On the right can be seen the main island of Santorini and in the middle the Kaimeni volcano, which did not erupt.**

**THE BEAUTY OF THERA: The church and a corner of the hotel are framed in an arch from the other side of the town. In the twenty-four hours which followed the original 'quake 257 shocks were registered in the area.**

**THE ARRIVAL AT THERA: The M.V. *Semiramis*, engaged on a cruise in the Ægean, lies in the little bay at the foot of the volcanic cliff on which Thera is built. Disembarking from the vessel, the passengers are taken up the winding path on mules to the hotel in the middle of the town. Thera is the main town in Santorini and is visited during the summer three times a week by the steamer from the Piræus.**

***On left—***

**THE CHURCH AND HOTEL: In the upper left-hand corner of the picture is the domed church of Thera, and below it the modern hotel which accommodates the visitors from the Ægean cruises. In the recent earthquake nearly 40 per cent. of the buildings were destroyed.**

**MOUNT ST. ELIE: Looking across the roofs of Thera past the towers of the church can be seen the round bulk of Mount St. Elie. Close by lie the ruins of the ancient town of Thera. *On right*—The new town of Thera on its cliff seen through the rigging lines of the M.V. *Semiramis*.**

The Ægean island of Santorini, which suffered so heavily in the recent earthquake, has an area of approximately 75 square miles, with a population of over 15,500. The island was originally a volcano of rock and marble, with its crater occupying what is now the harbour at Thera. Between 1100 and 1000 B.C. a tremendous upheaval caused a heavy subsidence in the rim, through which the sea poured to form an enclosed basin. Since then further subsidences have taken place, each one eating away more of the crater edge, until only the curving cliffs around the bay at Thera are left of the old rim.

Santorini, the original Ka-Listæ or the Very Beautiful, was already inhabited more than 2,000 years before the Christian era. It was later colonised and garrisoned by the Phœnicians, the Minyans and the Dorians. At the time of the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.) the island sided with Sparta but ended by becoming the vassal of Athens. In the Middle Ages it was a fief of the Dukes of Naxos.

In the south of the island lie the ruins of the ancient town of Thera which was excavated with loving care between 1896 and 1902 by Baron Hiller von Gärtringen. The old tombs and inscriptions on this site prove that the Dorians were already settled there in the ninth century B.C. The Ptolemys also used it as an advance post and headquarters for the large garrison keeping watch on the archipelago. The town lay above a ridge transformed into terraces by means of strong supporting walls. Apart from its garrison duties it was also a religious centre of not inconsiderable importance. Among the temples and shrines on the site is one of very ancient design which is possibly the *Hereium* or Shrine of Theras, the founder of the colony. Adjacent to it is the Festival Terrace fringed with fine supporting walls made of rock and marble. The terrace was used for the *Gymnopædeæ* which took the form of dances by the young men of the island in honour of the Dorian God, *Apollo Carnæus*, whose temple is also near by. On the rocks around the terrace are the names of gods carved by the worshippers, mingled here and there with the names of male dancers, accompanied by tender epithets. Some of these inscriptions go as far back as the seventh century B.C.

To-day the island is one of those most often visited in the Ægean cruises which take place in the summer months.

# ÆGEAN EARTHQUAKE

*The Greek Island of Santorini is Devastated by Severe Tremors Followed by a Tidal Wave*

**SANTORINI AFTER THE DESTRUCTION: This picture from the air shows the gigantic mass of subsiding land which began to sink as a result of the series of tremors that shook the island. Nearly fifty people lost their lives and some are still missing in the shattered debris of the houses.** The earthquake was followed by a tidal wave which reached the height of 12 ft. in some parts of the Ægean. The rush of water was so fierce that it was felt as far away as Crete and the Dodecanese Islands. At Kalymnos, in the Dodecanese, the sea swept 100 yards inland, while in Crete the wave submerged the harbour at Heraklion. The Observatory at Athens announced that 257 shocks were recorded in the Ægean in the 24 hours following the first tremors. Seven of these were violently felt in Santorini. Following the news of the disaster Greek naval vessels and military aircraft went to the shattered island with food and medical supplies.

**THE RUINED STREETS: Villagers on the island make their way back to their shattered houses; forty per cent. of the houses were destroyed or severely damaged.**

**THE GREEK ARMY ARRIVES ON SANTORINI: Troops of the Greek army, who were rushed to the island after the news of the disaster, haul on a rope to bring down a tottering wall. Doctors and nurses were also landed with the troops.**

**THE LOST STREETS OF THE VILLAGES: The narrow streets on the island have in some places become so filled with debris from adjacent houses that they can no longer be seen. In the village of Pyrgos only 50 out of 100 dwellings were said to be undamaged by the earthquake.**

**HOUSES AND CHURCHES REDUCED TO RUBBLE: Very few buildings escaped the shock on Santorini, which has been known since antiquity as an unsafe island. The population, driven from their homes, stayed in the fields until the Greek Red Cross sheltered them.**

**AN UNDAMAGED CROSS: A Byzantine cross is all that stands inside the fallen walls of this church on the island. In Apanmomeria the monastery of St. Elias is reported to have been completely destroyed during the early earth tremors.**

*The Sphere of Travel*

# HOLIDAYS IN SWEDEN

By GORDON COOPER

*An Account of a Recent Journey through the Largest of the Scandinavian Countries*

AMONG the larger countries of Western Europe, Sweden is undoubtedly the least known to British tourists. I have made recently a 3,000-mile tour through the main Swedish holiday centres in order to discover for myself the reasons for this lack of interest.

Obviously, in so vast a territory—Sweden is double the area of the United Kingdom, and almost a thousand miles in length, from north to south—I was only able to see the face of the country. In any case, a large proportion of the countryside consists of rather monotonous and practically uninhabited forests and barren mountains which would hardly appeal to the ordinary traveller. This dullness of scenery applies especially to northern Sweden, and the 1,000-mile rail journey between Stockholm and Abisko, in Swedish Lapland, is chiefly notable for its almost complete lack of scenic attraction.

The main tourist districts are few in number: the West Coast, around Lake Siljan, in Dalecarlia, Stockholm, and the island of Gotland, in the Baltic. The enthusiast might possibly find satisfaction in some other parts of central and southern Sweden, and in Swedish Lapland, but the surprisingly poor hotel standards make me chary of recommending them. Even taking the country as a whole, I consider the standards of innkeeping in Sweden are lower than elsewhere in Western Europe.

The available accommodation, too, is extremely limited. Outside the cities no new tourist hotels have been built for more than twenty years. The hotels which do exist at resorts—they are a mere handful—are often open for only ten weeks each year, between mid-June and the end of August. Service standards, with some rare exceptions, are poor, and spirits are unobtainable on the trains and at most of the country tourist hotels.

THE GÖTA RIVER BELOW TRÖLLHÄTTAN: This broad stretch of water in south-west Sweden is part of the Göta Canal system, along which a journey can be made from Gothenburg to Stockholm. The leisurely voyage takes 60 hours, and the steamer passes through several large lakes and wide rivers.

NEAR THE LAKES OF SOUTH SWEDEN: The Stadshotellet (Town Hotel) at Karlskoga-Bofors is a modern building. The town, 120 miles west of Stockholm, is near lakes Vaner, Bastad, Vatter and Hjalmaren.

Such, I think, are the reasons why Sweden attracts so few tourists (as compared with businessmen who go there for commercial purposes). But having said this, I am sure there are some who may like to holiday in this little-known country. For them I will now describe the main tourist districts I visited.

**The West Coast.**—North of Gothenburg, the rugged, rocky coastline of the province of Bohuslän extends to the Norwegian frontier. Broken by a hundred different inlets and protected by thousands of black skerries, this coastal region was a chief base of the raiding Vikings. But its history goes much farther back, for it was one of the earliest sites of settlement in Sweden. Many ancient remains give evidence of this. Among them are rock carvings and stone vault graves which are tens of thousands of years old.

Attractive fishing villages are spread throughout the archipelago, where amid the naked cliffs you seem to be in an unknown world. It is also a world where you can meet unspoiled nature in all its freshness and charm. The only resorts of any size are Marstrand and Lysekil, both with fairly good hotel accommodation, and I was also impressed with the fishing village of Bovallstrand, known also for its famous granite. In 1940 the local quarries received an order from Hitler to provide material for an enormous war memorial to be erected in Berlin to mark the then-expected German triumph. Only recently have the unaccepted stones been sold in order to recover some part of the unpaid bill.

In addition to the appeal of the coast, the hinterland of Bohuslän is attractive. Further information, including details of access to the villages, can be obtained from the Tourist Office in Gothenburg.

South of Gothenburg, the coastline as far as Malmö, the most southerly point, is quite different. Here the countryside is much flatter, and the coast lined with long, sandy beaches. The bathing, in a good summer, is excellent, while there are first-class golf links at Tylösand, Bastad and Falsterbo. The Havsbad Hotel at Tylösand and the Skanegarden at Bastad can be specially recommended. With the Siljansborg Hotel at Rattvik and the Snackgardsbaden, near Visby, they are the only tourist hotels in Sweden where I would myself care to take a holiday. Unfortunately, Falsterbo, although it has the best links of the three places, is unsatisfactory, in my opinion, on the score of hotel accommodation.

The southern portion of this coast lies in the province of Skane, which is quite densely populated. A wealth of castles offers a considerable tourist attraction, although, unfortunately, they are not open to the public, except by special invitation. The proprietor of the Skanegarden at Bastad can help in this respect. Incidentally, a major attraction at this resort is the nearby Norrviken Gardens, which rank among the loveliest in Europe.

**The Göta Canal.**—About a year ago there was a short article in these pages describing the leisurely journey by boat between Gothenburg and Stockholm. I made this sixty-hour trip, which gives a good impression of the countryside. Actually, only a portion of the distance covered is by canal, for the small steamer also sails through broad rivers, across great lakes, and concludes its itinerary by travelling along the sea coast south of Stockholm. Provided the weather is good, this excursion may appeal to some travellers. The cabins are necessarily rather small, but the food is good. Whether you like being cooped up so long on a tiny steamer is a matter for personal decision; and if you make the trip without a break, only once can you take an hour ashore.

**Dalecarlia.**—This is the most attractive inland holiday district in Sweden, and it is here that you can still see worn the colourful traditional costumes. It is the region of *gammelgardar*, meaning old farms and granaries and dairies preserved as memorials of an earlier age; and of *hemslöjd* centres, meaning home crafts, which flourish brightly in the shops to tempt visitors. It is also the early Vasa country, with many historical memories. Here the great King Gustav Vasa—you see statues of him in many towns—turned defeat into victory and founded the nation from which the Swedes of to-day are descended.

Lake Siljan, the "Blue Eye of Dalecarlia," is a pleasing and restful region in which to stay, especially at Rättvik on the eastern shore, where the charming Hotel Siljansborg, high above the lake, with a superb view, is as well suited to British tastes as any in the whole country. It also, incidentally, has the rare licence to sell spirits.

**Gotland.**—This island in the Baltic, reached in an hour by air from Stockholm, and by overnight steamer, has always a warm place in my heart, for it was a refuge when I managed to escape from the Nazis in East Prussia at the start of the war in 1939. It is, also, however, the most interesting part of Sweden, and Visby, its capital, the most fascinating town.

Its two miles of many-towered walls are quite as good as those of Carcassonne or Avila or Rothenburg.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

Access to Sweden: *Frequent air services by B.E.A. and S.A.S. Direct sailings by Swedish Lloyd between Tilbury and Gothenburg. Another approach is by way of Harwich (the United Steamship Company) to Esbjerg, thence by rail-ferry via Copenhagen to Malmö and on to Stockholm.*

Tourist Information: *Swedish Travel Bureau, 7, Conduit Street, London, W.1.*

**CAPITAL OF THE WEST EUROPEAN COUNTRY WHICH IS LEAST KNOWN TO BRITISH TOURISTS: Part of the Old Town of Stockholm is seen on the promontory in the waters of the Malaren. Extreme left is the pillared portico of the seventeenth-century House of the Nobles. Behind is the Wren-like tower of the Cathedral. Looking right are the spires of the German Church and the Riddarholmskyrkan. Across the bridge in the right background are the white Swedish Co-operative headquarters.**

Its ...y churches, all except one in various stages of ruin ...re memorials of the opulent past of the twelfth, thi...ith and fourteenth centuries when it was a centre of ... Hanseatic League. In addition, archæological exc...ation has unearthed remains of Minoan, Greek and ...Roman civilisations. (When in Stockholm do n... ...ail to visit the National Historic Museum, w... there is an excellent collection of Gotland's Sto...e Age antiquities. The museum in Visby also te... a vivid story.

...he much publicised roses of Visby are no myth, nor is the very mild climate, which has given Gotland the title of "The Baltic Riviera." For those interested in geology, the island has on parts of its coast queer rock formations, known as *Raukar*. These are soft-rock towers chiselled by the winds of centuries into fantastic shapes. Two miles north of Visby is one of the best hotels in Sweden, the Snäckgärdsbaden, which stands close to a perfect crescent of sandy beach backed by pine woods. Unfortunately, it is a seasonal establishment, closing at the end of August. There is, however, in Visby itself the Stadshotel, open all year round.

**Swedish Lapland.**—Abisko, Riksgränsen and Bjorkliden are the three centres in Sweden's far north. Here winter sports can be enjoyed until May and even June. I doubt, however, whether there is any attraction worthwhile for the summer visitor, especially as the journey by rail, there and back, is 2,000 miles. Hotel accommodation, too, is of the superior youth hostel type, while mosquitoes appear in clouds. The main attraction is the "Midnight Sun," and if you happen to be in Bjorkliden at the time this phenomenon occurs you can be photographed at midnight playing golf on what is considered the world's most northerly course. This tourist attraction appeals greatly to American visitors on tour in the special trains organised by the Swedish Railways.

From Abisko, a marked trail, known as "The King's Way," runs south as far as Dalecarlia. For the convenience of long-distance walkers the Swedish Tourist Club maintains simple tourist inns at suitable distances along the route.

**A FISHING VILLAGE IN BOHUSLÄN: Wooden houses are clustered on the rocks at Gullholmen, in the province of Bohuslän, north of Gothenburg. Here the west coast of Sweden is broken by numerous inlets which were the bases of Viking raiders many centuries ago. Today many attractive and unspoiled fishing villages are spread below the steep cliffs.**

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# MR. SWINNERTON REMEMBERS

*A Fascinating Literary Autobiography ; An Examination of Recent English Writing ; Geoffrey Keyes, V.C. ; Yogin and Hittites ; Six New Novels from America*

WHEN Mr. Frank Swinnerton chooses to write about literary London he does so not only with the authority of his own wide acquaintance in such a world, but with the combination of an admirable memory and a sense of gusto that is peculiarly his. BACKGROUND WITH CHORUS (Hutchinson. 18s.) covers the years from 1901 to 1917 and it is more or less autobiographical: more when the book relates to Mr. Swinnerton's own career in writing and criticism, and less when the author digresses to discuss some of the scores of writers, poets and editors whom he has known well. To be scrupulously exact these last are not really digressions, because one has the feeling that to "Swinny" people are an integral part of life. His friendships have been, and are, extensive and catholic.

Although so much of the book is concerned with others, with assessments of their talents, stories of their early beginnings and often very amusing anecdotes, Mr. Swinnerton tells us something of his own career too, apologising at one point for passing from a discussion of Maugham's work to an account of one of his own achievements. This is a book that will enchant and amuse as the revelation of a warm, vital and highly perceptive man of letters.

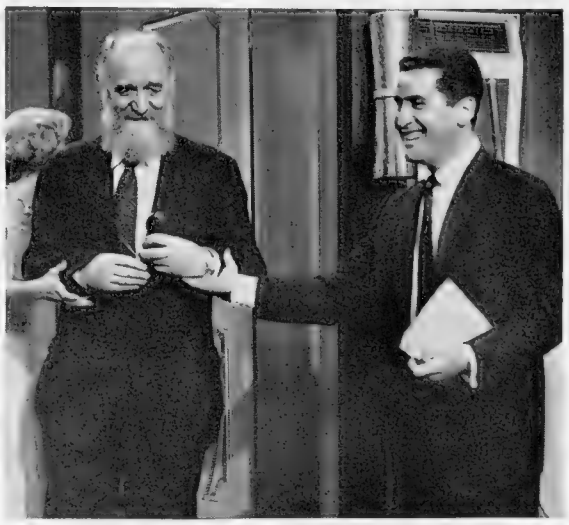
TIME AND PLACE (Staples. 16s.) is autobiography again and once more by a man from the literary world, but there the resemblance stops. Mr. George Scott, who has been a Beaverbrook journalist and is currently the editor of *Truth*, writes chiefly of ideas, moods, aspirations and changes in intellectual climate. He also writes—and this in many ways is the heart of his argument—about the gulf that separates the writers and poets of Stephen Spender's generation and his own: a separation, as Mr. Scott puts it, of early influences and atmosphere as much as of opportunity.

A symposium edited by Mr. John Lehmann, THE CRAFT OF LETTERS IN ENGLAND (Cresset Press. 21s.), examines English writing during the past quarter of a century and contains essays from twelve other figures in contemporary literature in this country. Among them, Miss C. V. Wedgwood, who is President of the English centre of P.E.N., contributes a chapter on "Historical Writing," Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones writes on "The Personal Story," and Mr. Philip Toynbee on "Experiment and the Future of the Novel."

Men of action and their exploits form the themes of the next three books, of which the first is Miss Elizabeth Keyes' biography of her brother, GEOFFREY KEYES, V.C., of the Rommel Raid (Newnes. 21s.). Colonel Keyes was the son of that First World War hero, the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, who, as Sir Roger Keyes, led the Zeebrugge Raid. His son was to be the leader of an equally heroic assault: the expedition that was landed by submarine in 1941 behind the German lines and attacked Rommel's headquarters with the object of capturing or killing the German general. Colonel Keyes lost his life in the attempt, and was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. As Miss Keyes relates in her simple and very moving narrative, it was Sir Winston Churchill who said "I would far rather have Geoffrey alive than Rommel dead."

ESCAPE THROUGH THE PYRENEES (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a personal record that is yet another proof that no story of personal courage and endurance, however often it has been paralleled, can be without its own highly individual appeal. Mr. John Dunbar, whose story this is, was an American member of the crew of a Flying Fortress which was shot down over the Ile d'Oleron, on the Atlantic coast of France, and was the only one to escape immediate capture. Eventually he was ferried across to the mainland and walked to the Pyrenees, reaching Spain and, finally, Gibraltar and safety. Unpretentious and convincing.

Major E. W. Sheppard, who has written a biography of Sir Eyre Coote, holds him to be the third greatest of British generals, ranking only after Marlborough and Wellington; a point of view which is at least worth study, beginning logically with the reading of this writer's COOTE BAHADUR (Werner Laurie. 25s.). In the eighteenth century Eyre Coote was court-martialled for cowardice and acquitted. He pursued his career through the conquest of India in an unbroken series of victories. He lived, however, in an atmosphere of contention which survived even his death; no pension was suggested for the wife he loved.



**THE WINNER OF A 64,000-DOLLAR T.V. QUIZ: Peter Freuchen, the Arctic explorer and writer (left), is congratulated by the question-master after winning 64,000 dollars (£22,800) in a television quiz programme in New York. The seventy-year-old Dane correctly answered seven questions. A few days later he left to prepare a new Arctic expedition.**

NAKED THEY PRAY (Cassell. 25s.) could well be called an enquiry into the subject of Yoga; balanced, unemotional, factual and lacking in cynicism or in cheap effects. Mr. Pearce Gervis, who has written of his own travels to the holy places of the Himalaya and of the instruction he received there in both the practical and ethical side of Yoga, is an excellent observer and expresses himself with a clarity that holds the attention.

Mr. C. W. Ceram has written a long, well annotated and thickly illustrated book about the Hittites and the discovery of their empire, which appears to have existed more than 3,000 years ago and to have given both Rameses and the Babylonians a good deal to think about. Since to most of us Uriah, the Hittite, is our only, and probably vague, memory of these people, Mr. Ceram's NARROW PASS, BLACK MOUNTAIN (Gollancz and Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.) is full of new information.

Six new novels come from the United States. I would take Mr. David Karp's new book first, for the uncomplicated reason that I think it is the best, the most subtle, the most intelligent and, as Americans are apt to say, the most adult. ALL HONORABLE MEN (Gollancz. 15s.) is a story which, in detail, could only happen in New York, although in essence it could happen in any country where there is a predilection for unofficial enquiries into degrees of "loyalty" and, consequently, for the pursuance of witch hunts. Quite brilliantly written, with profound humanity.

THE SUNKEN GARDEN (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is a forthright, domestic, triangular drama about a rather nice fellow married to an equally nice woman, and with a daughter whom they both love. Mr. Douglass Wallop writes about them all sympathetically and with compassion.

Miss Ardyth Kennelly's novel might be dedicated to the problem of "When is a Mormon not a Mormon?" It is concerned with a man who is not only happily married, but happily married twice, according to the customs of his religion. He suddenly finds that polygamy has been declared illegal both by Church and State. UP HOME (Gollancz. 15s.) is a high-spirited tale, full of fun and a few disasters.

CLOUD BY DAY (Heinemann. 15s.) is Mr. Ward Moore's story of a brush fire that sweeps down upon a small Californian village in the hills and for eight hours of a summer's day keeps its inhabitants working at full stretch to save their properties. It immobilises a varied group of people, faces them with disaster, and forcibly high-lights the differences between them.

Mr. John Hersey's new short novel is unlike his earlier work in its deliberate simplicity and pared-down style, and it is also very telling. A SINGLE PEBBLE (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.) is about an American engineer thirty years ago travelling up the hazardous Yangtze River to survey a site for a big dam. His only company is the junk's owner, the man's young wife and the crew of "trackers" who tow the boat through the gorges. A simple story which I enjoyed page by page, and which I would like to recommend to you.

I suppose that ANOTHER TREE IN EDEN (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) might be categorised as science fiction. It is by Mr. David Duncan, it is set in the Western States of America at some time in the future, and it is a wonderfully inventive story about the properties of a purified water which could make plants grow fantastically, and which had unforeseen effects on human beings. Odd, ingenious and readable.

There is just room for a mention of two crime stories. THE POISON CUPBOARD (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. J. F. Burke, has a background of Romney Marsh levels, which is almost as interesting as the story itself, and a really good twist to the finish of the plot. Mr. Anthony Gilbert's thriller, AND DEATH CAME TOO (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.), is about a new and innocent kind of *femme fatale*, and has some highly amusing moments among its more orthodox thrills.

## LEVANTINE JOURNEY

*Lord Kinross in Turkey*

Geographically Europe possesses a fourth shore, the coastal lands of Asia Minor that lie without the Taurus and whose formative influences have come largely from the West. This is "Europa Minor" and aptly enough Lord Kinross has taken this as the title of his latest travelogue which is based on his travels in coastal Turkey between 1947 and 1954. Ranging from Antioch and the Syrian frontier in the south-east, to Adrianople and the Greek frontier in the north-west, and covering the greater part of the Turkish Riviera which fringes the Mediterranean and the Ægean Sea, Lord Kinross, who was formerly Patrick Balfour, writes with wit, scholarship and imagination.

EUROPA MINOR (John Murray. 18s.) is a companion volume to the author's *Within the Taurus*, which was the first account of a journey to Asiatic Turkey since its reopening to foreign visitors. Lord Kinross travels for the most part alone, largely as opportunity and chance direct. He is a most congenial guide, and because of his skill as a writer and his great background of erudition he evokes an extraordinarily vivid picture of Turkish character, preoccupation and life. In this coastal land "alive with olives and alight with pines," where the "windows in the villages wink in the sunlight and the rivulets sparkle as they dance away down to the sea," Lord Kinross has discovered delights which he conveys to the reader with style and simplicity. This is a travel book to treasure.

Andras E. Laszlo, with only his camera and a native boy to accompany him, has penetrated the wilds of Angola on the south-western shores of Africa and brought back to civilisation a most enthralling record of life among the roaming bands of bushmen. DOCTORS, DRUMS AND DANCES (Robert Hale. 18s.) is told in lively style, even though it outlines at some length the conditions facing the white man who seeks to civilise the negro in the grip of ritual and tradition. Dr. Laszlo attended the ancient tribal rituals of puberty, marriage and the burial of the dead. He watched witch doctors exorcise demons through hypnosis and turn aside death from the bite of a deadly snake. The author's description of the wild whipping practices that form such a sadistic part of the initiation rites could hardly be more realistic in its presentation of savagery.

The revolt in Poznan has revealed once again that the essential spirit of the Polish nation can never be extinguished. In a much more personal way this same spirit is revealed in Charles Connell's WHERE SLEEPS THE JAGGED SWORD (Elek Books. 18s.). It is a tense and impressive story of life behind the Iron Curtain in Poland.

Here is a symposium for an air-minded age. VAPOUR TRAILS (Allan Wingate. 13s. 6d.) has been edited by Mike Lithgow, the test pilot. Over a dozen modern pathfinders in the sky have set down what each regards as his own most thrilling or unusual experience. Neville Duke describes his experiences on first breaking through the sound barrier and Sandy Powell, who has tested so many prototypes of so many kinds, relates his often hair-raising adventures. This is a first-rate anthology. The reader may well feel that he has the stick firmly in his hands and is preparing to hurl his machine full throttle into a power-dive.

Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin, Phillips Astronomer at Harvard University, has rendered a really notable service with her INTRODUCTION TO ASTRONOMY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 50s.). The author has the gift of clear and lucid expression, and she has achieved what must surely be one of the best modern accounts of astronomical research into the structure and evolution of the universe. The volume is illustrated with some splendid diagrams and photographs.

Derek Fletcher's SEA ANGLING (Faber and Faber. 21s.) is a comprehensive book on sea-fishing round Britain. The author deals with a sport which during thirty years has increased steadily in popularity. His book covers every fishable fish in British waters from the dab to the tunny, and every method of fishing, for each kind of fish is dealt with in detail. A most valuable feature is the author's coastal survey. Not only are all the well-known fishing stations listed, but also many little-known places, with valuable notes about local conditions, tides and boatmen. This must be the most complete guide of its kind yet published.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

# SKI-ING ON THE SAND

*Winter Sports Enthusiasts Keep in Trim for the Months of Snow and Alpine Holidays*

**MID-SUMMER SKI-ING ON THE WELSH DUNES: A class of beginners learn how to turn and walk on the level surfaces, during a summer meeting of the club. Such essentials as balance, stopping, and making short runs can all be learnt on the sands. *On left*—A member of the North Wales Ski Club gives a demonstration on a high dune at Aberffraw, Anglesey. The marram grass makes the surface considerably faster than if the sand were completely bare.**

**THE FIRST DESCENT: One of the novice members of the club, now learning to ski at Aberffraw, makes her first descent on a gently sloping dune. The idea of ski-ing on sand dunes has been prevalent in the Landes region of France for some time, but has seldom been practised in Britain.**

*On left*—
**DEMONSTRATION IN THE SAND: An instructor shows two of his pupils the method of stopping on a slope. The majority of the members of the North Wales Ski Club, which was formed last winter, are still novices.** The idea of ski-ing on the sand was evolved in order to keep the club together during the summer months. It is also a fine method to train beginners in readiness for the winter and to keep muscles in trim during the "close" season. When there is enough snow during the winter the club will meet on the snow slopes near Capel Curig. On Summer evenings the Welsh club can usually expect to have some forty members out practising on the dunes. The learners will be occupied with the rudiments of the sport, while the more experienced members will be doing descents of some of the steeper slopes. According to the club experts, when the sand is slightly moist one can even get up enough speed to learn how to stop.

*The Great Seal of Mary Queen of Scots is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum*

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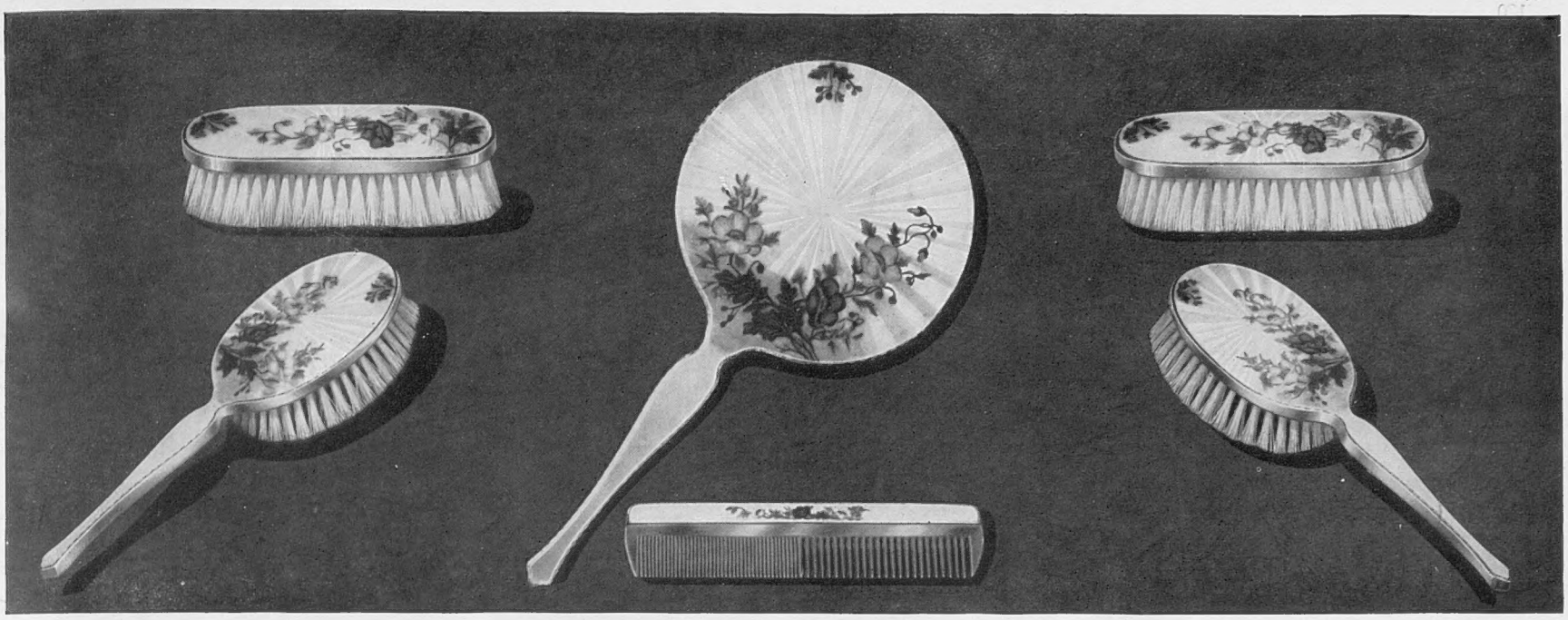
# TRINCOMALEE

*Pictures of the Naval Base Which is to be Handed over by Britain to Ceylon*

**NEW HOMES FOR THE STAFF AT THE RADIO STATION NEAR TRINCOMALEE:** The dwellings are constructed of prefabricated aluminium and have been built for the British members of the staff of the radio station which is one of the installations at the naval base in Ceylon. At the end of the recent conference of Prime Ministers in London it was announced that Great Britain recognised the right of the Government of Ceylon to take over the base and the Royal Air Force station at Katunyake. However, it is understood that the United Kingdom will continue to enjoy certain facilities, among them those concerned with naval communications. Great Britain will also help in the development, expansion and training of Ceylon's armed forces.

**A LARGE WAREHOUSE NEAR THE HARBOUR:** For some years Trincomalee has been more important as a depot for stores and a centre of naval communications than as a dockyard. It is also a fuelling point and has a recreational centre for naval personnel.

**A WARTIME BASE WHICH IS NOW EMPTY:** The huge harbour of Trincomalee was a base during the war for ships of South-East Asia Command. Under the new agreement with Ceylon, Britain may have the right to retain the harbour in an emergency.



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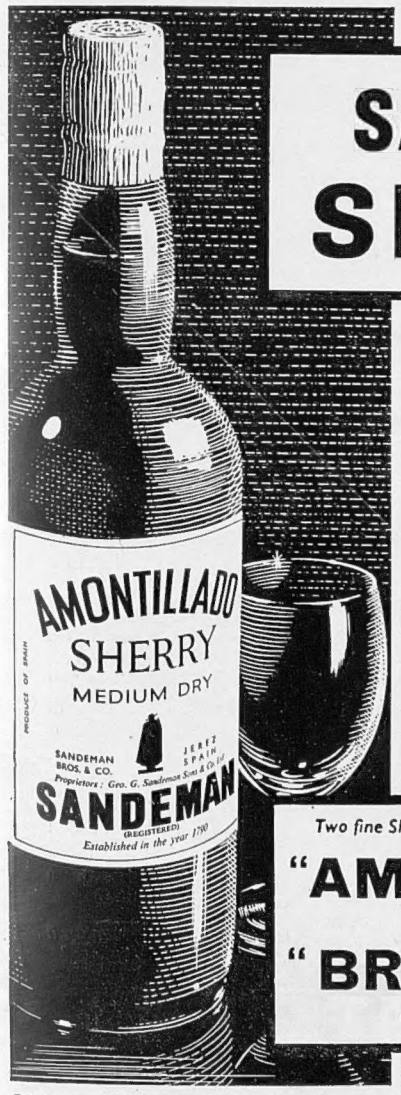


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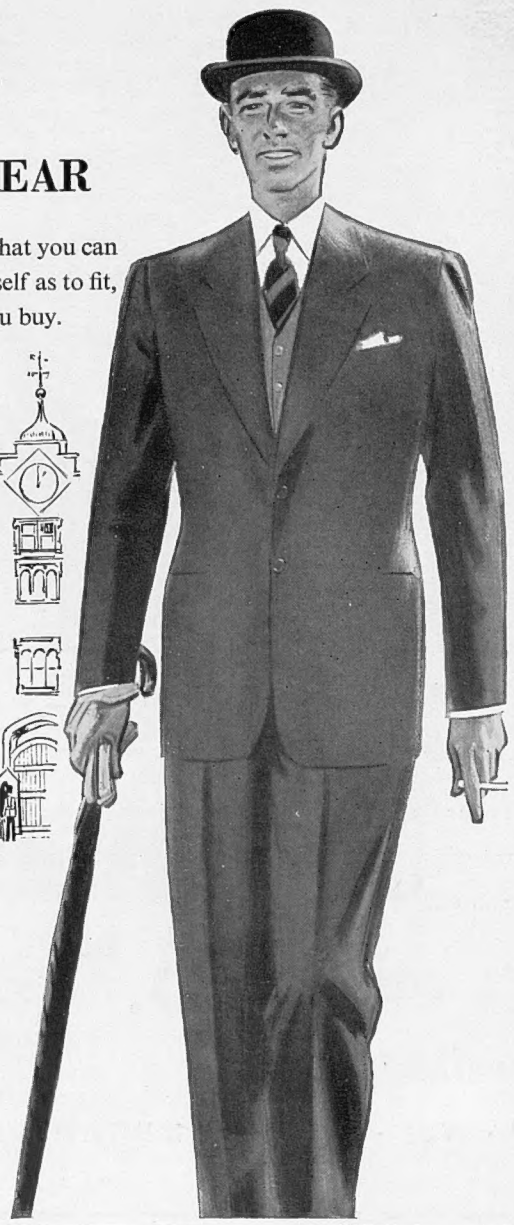

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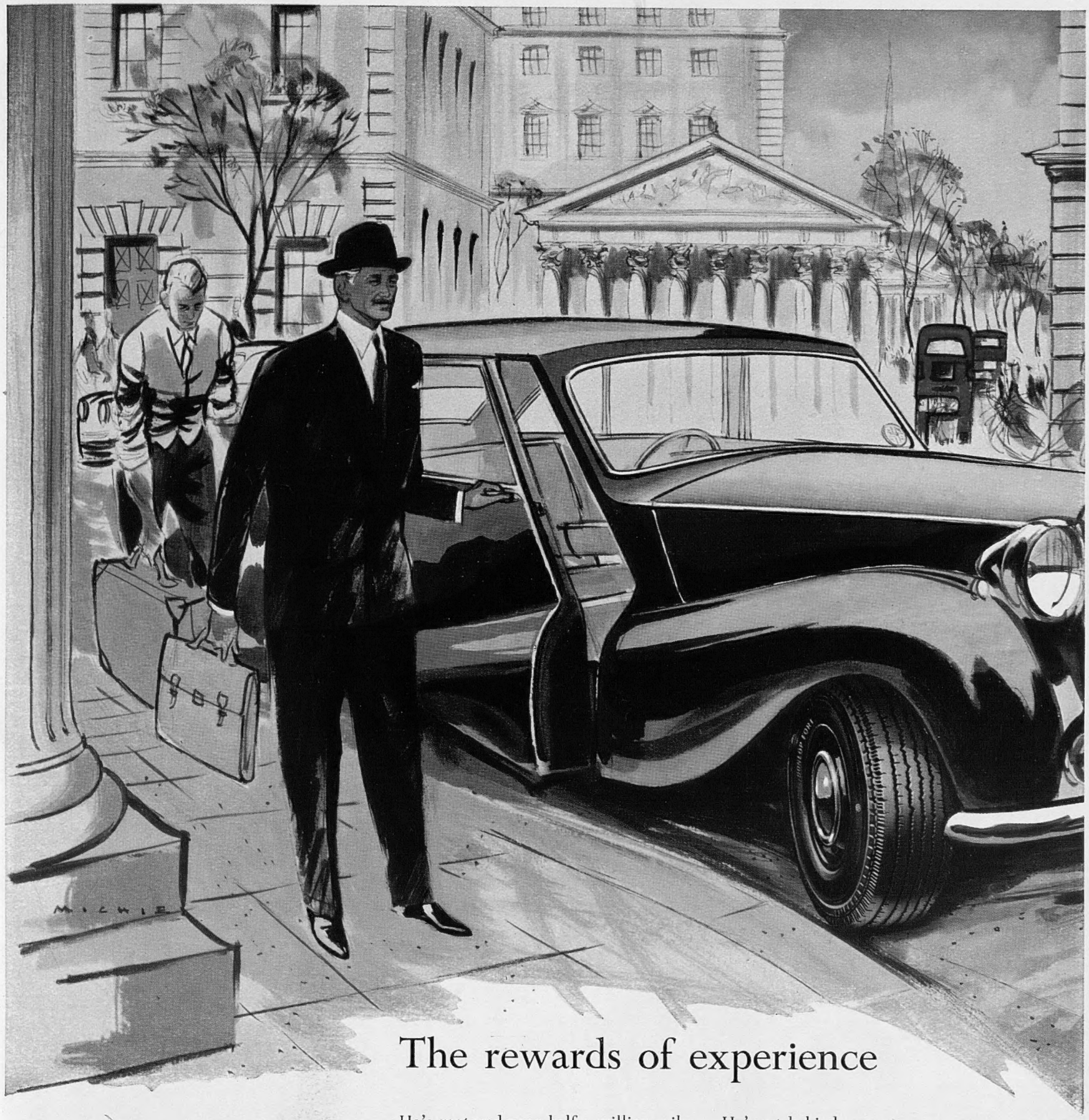


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